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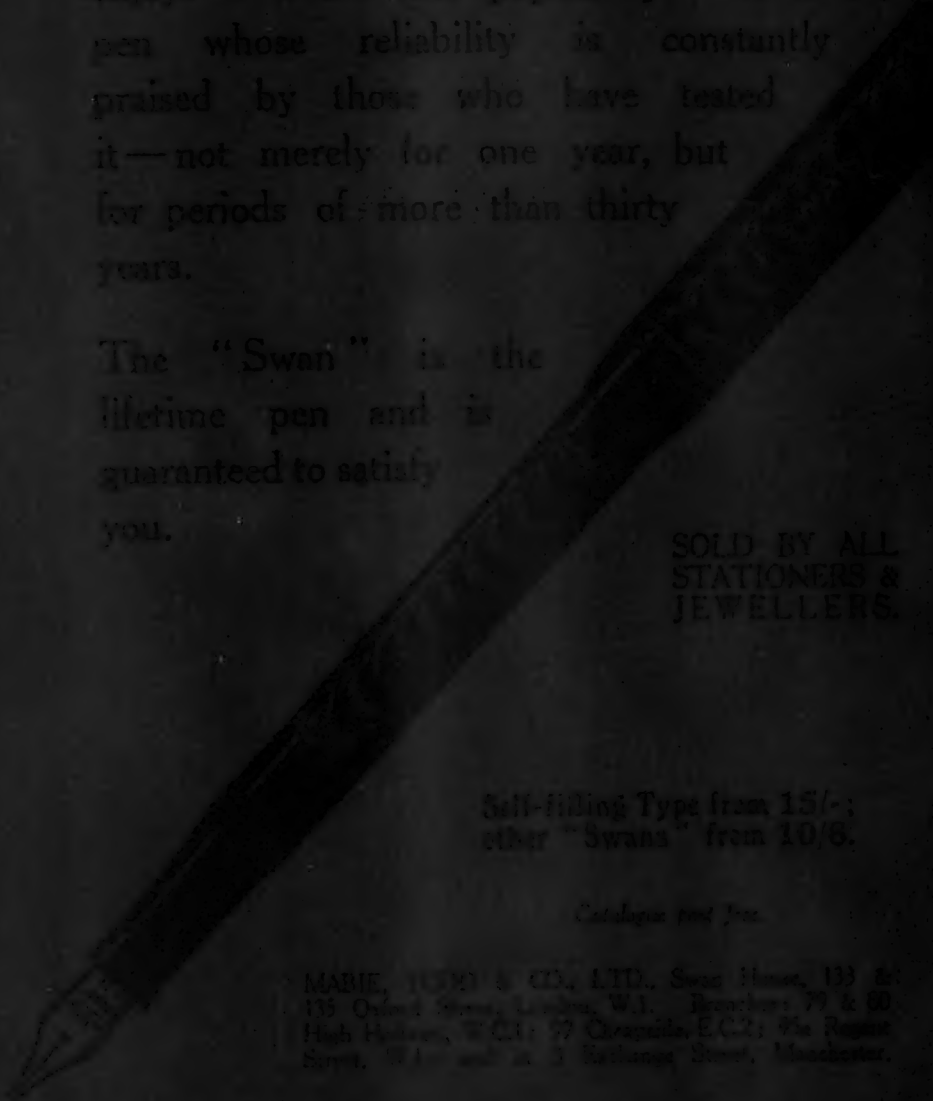

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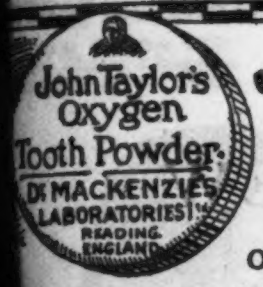

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MAY, 1924.

Correspondence

Reform the Reformer

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—In the post-war world in which we live—wearied and disillusioned as we are, harried by taxation, unemployment, lack of trade, financial stringency, and industrial and social unrest—an outstanding feature is the plague of self-styled reformers which has arisen, each obsessed by some particular fad which invests him or her with a mania for ordering the lives of fellow-men and women in some matter of purely personal concern. This habit of mind appears to be largely imported from the United States—that great country which, while boasting its freedom, actually knows far less personal liberty than Englishmen do (or should one say did?)—and its methods of expression are becoming organised largely on American lines, with all the American energy, assertiveness, and emotional extravagance.

The distinguishing characteristic common to all these "reformers" is the desire to prohibit by force of law some innocent habit, pleasure, or recreation which commends itself to the majority of our people, and our mentors (or tormentors) are quite happy if they can force other people to do something which they do not wish to do, or to abstain from something which they want to do. That their efforts may produce serious social unrest, and only lead to hypocrisy and worse evils than those which they set out to cure, is immaterial to the modern school of "reformers." They are pinchbeck Joans of Arc, leading their attenuated but highly vocal forces against imaginary enemies—modern Don Quixotes in black coats tilting against illusory windmills, and their reward the limelight of publicity, without which they would find their existence insupportable. Some of them are professional "reformers" who do not necessarily believe in or practise what they seek to impose on others—many of them are amateurs who believe sincerely in their cause, but are woefully and dangerously ignorant.

Prominent among this motley crew are the Sabbath reformers and the *soi-disant* "temperance" reformers. The former, in the name of their own (somewhat sour) brand of religion, would make us abstain from all healthful recreations on Sundays, and, it being impracticable to force us to spend the entire day in church, would condemn us, by the

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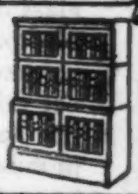

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simple process of stopping all public games and amusements on Sundays, to lounge through the day in purposeless idleness. Similarly, by the closing of the country inns on Sundays, they would place difficulties of refreshment in the way of the walker, the cyclist, and the motorist, who might be so greatly daring as to take advantage of the only full free day in the week for his favourite healthful exercise. Theirs, too, is the spirit which is striving to prevent the mass of the people from having an opportunity of viewing at their leisure on their most leisured day the treasures and educative features of the great Empire Exhibition at Wembley.

Last, but by no means least, among the gloomy fraternity let us take the "temperance" reformer. To suit modern conditions, and to spread his net as widely as possible, he is chameleon-like in his changes of hue. Sometimes he is the doctrinaire religionist, imbued with the sternest principles of the Inquisition, and heroically determined to bear with stoicism the inconvenience of others so that his own limited ideas may prevail. In another disguise he is the quack scientist, cheerfully ignoring the practical facts which are known to every real scientist, and proving to us that, because watercress will not live in pure alcohol, a glass of claret must be deadly to the human constitution, or that a man who prematurely died at the early age of ninety after taking a glass of beer every day of his adult life might have survived to 150 if he had not taken the beer! Again, he poses as the stern economist, quoting the appeals of our foreign trade competitors that we should adopt prohibition as the best means of realising their natural desire to see us compete effectively with them for the world's trade!

Really, it tempts one in the interest of national sanity and rational happiness to organise a Society for the Reformation of Reformers. At present the Reformer is treated with a tolerance which he abuses. Nobody makes frantic appeals for subscriptions to be devoted to compelling the Reformer to play golf on Sunday when he would rather be miserable, or to force him to drink insidious cider when he prefers highly moral mineral waters or virtuous cocoa. Here, indeed, is a chance for a new crusade on the part of the normal man and woman. To rid the country of its plague of "Reformers" would be a "work of national importance" comparable only to St. Patrick's successful offensive against snakes in Ireland!

Yours faithfully,
C. R. VENNER.

"The Road Away from Revolution"

By the late President Woodrow Wilson

(*Published in* THE ENGLISH REVIEW, *August, 1923*)

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—Trusting that it will not be an impertinence for an American to offer a brief paper for publication in your journal, I am enclosing an article which endeavours to present opinions shared with me by a very

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considerable number of thinking citizens of this country. It is not in the spirit of a personal quarrel that I have taken up the challenge offered by Mr. J. O. P. Bland, in his article which appeared in your REVIEW in November, 1923. I feel that Mr. Wilson's thesis is entitled to a sympathetic treatment, as well as the adverse one given it by Mr. Bland. It is only through the clash of opinion that we arrive at the truth, even as it is only through the balancing of opposing forces that we arrive at equilibrium.

It is my sincere belief that it is a grievous error to picture Nature as for ever favouring her selfish, vengeful children at the expense of the gentle and peace-loving ones. Of course, it fits in exactly with the selfish instincts of the human race to interpret Nature as bestowing her choicest blessings on the strong and the aggressive. But even the selfish do not approve of the cardinal principle of their doctrine, when it is applied to their own detriment. So long as it is the weaker member who suffers, the selfish man is quite complacent in his devotion to a theory that redounds to his own temporary benefit. But let a stronger than he arise to challenge his position, and how quickly does his attitude change!

It is a superficial view of Nature which accords the dominant place to the strong and the selfish. I am not at all blind to the destructive forces at work in Nature. But it should be plain to all but the hopelessly biassed that the constructive forces must dominate, or chaos would ensue. In other words, if Nature gave the guerdon of honour to the selfish and vengeful, there would be no possibility of the survival of any other class of beings; even the selfish themselves must then needs perish from want of opponents.

Let me take Mr. Bland's own illustration of his thesis.. He cites the attitude and words of a callow youth to prove the universal operation of the " mysterious and unalterable " law of sacrifice. The youth refuses with scorn to join his neighbours of Padstow in their patriotic celebration. Not that he has any personal knowledge of the people he despises. He has simply adopted the traditional attitude of his forbears toward their immediate neighbours—a tradition which dates back to a period when all aliens were considered as " barbarians." Now, in the face of the fact that the good people of Padstow were actually demonstrating before his eyes the possibility and practicability of co-operation, of harmonious community effort, Mr. Bland calmly accepts the judgment of an immature boy as final on the question at issue! If we were limited to the " theory of probabilities " in the matter, which view would be the stronger one? But we are not so limited on Mr. Bland's own statement of the case. The boy represents a traditional prejudice toward the people of Padstow as being a dirty and disreputable set of persons. Whereas the people of Padstow themselves exemplify the truth that the true lines of action lie along the paths of mutual concession and forbearance, rather than in soornful aloofness and ignorant opposition.

In the belief that Mr. Bland's view of Mr. Wilson's statements is unduly prejudiced, as shown by an analysis of his own illustrations of his thesis, I beg to present to your readers a point which seems to

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me more in harmony with the facts when rightly interpreted. At least, I think, Mr. Wilson is entitled to have the obverse side of the picture presented by one in full sympathy with his view.

Your very truly,
FRANK E. HYSLOP.

"The Road Away from Revolution"

(AN AMERICAN REACTION.)

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—In the issue of November, 1923, of THE ENGLISH REVIEW, Mr. J. O. P. Bland very aptly expresses his reaction to the recent utterance of former President Wilson on the subject of revolution, published in the August number of the REVIEW. His statement is not designed to be a concrete programme, but is merely a statement of principles. Among the salient points in Mr. Wilson's declaration are the following: "The nature of men and of organised society dictates the maintenance in every field of action of the highest and purest standards of justice and of right dealing." Our conception of justice "must include sympathy and helpfulness and a willingness to forego self-interest in order to promote the welfare and happiness of the community as a whole." And, finally, he insists that "civilisation can only be saved by becoming permeated with the spirit of Christ and being made free and happy by the practices that spring out of that spirit."

In conning over Mr. Bland's comments on the above text, one does not have to read beyond the first paragraph to classify him as a man of the conservative school of thought. And so by all the limitations of conservatism he is barred from a sympathetic understanding of the views of a great Liberal thinker. Mr. Wilson's doctrine may appear Utopian. But may not Mr. Bland himself be labouring under some illusions about the "World of Things as They Are" and the inevitableness of the present order? Can he be quite sure that all his inferences are warranted by the facts?

Despite a confirmed habit of emphasising the "practical aspects" of life, the writer is elevated into the plane of idealism by a little everyday drama being enacted before his eyes, of which a "pair of talkative stonechats" are the focus. The entire setting brings a transient conviction that the prophets of the race may have some solid grounds for their belief in the possibility of social and moral attainment far in advance of present day experience. But suddenly this alluring mental picture dissolves in the shadow cast by the poised wings of a single kestrel. The stonechats, as well as a pair of wide-eyed rabbits, scurry off to shelter, leaving the menacing kestrel to dominate the scene—"a reminder of the eternal reality of the mysterious and unalterable law" of sacrifice.

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Evidently the stonechats and the rabbits did not take so gloomy a view of the situation as their observer. And apparently they and their ancestors for many generations have escaped the rigid application of the law of sacrifice, which the writer considers unalterable. Otherwise, these latest representatives of the species would not have been on the ground to challenge the kestrel. These alert and happy creatures are not for ever obsessed with fears about the dangers that beset them. If they were, they would never venture into the open. On the contrary, they cheerfully accept the challenge, and their very survival proves the soundness of their eternal optimism. Guided by a sure instinct, which has the quality of sublime faith, they venture into new and untried fields, " forgetting the things that are behind and pressing on to the goal " of a perfected race. Unconscious of the law of sacrifice and of their subjection to it, they have risen from the rank of the amœba, drifting with the tide, to share with the stars the wide expanse of the heavens with the thrilling sense of freedom and power to cope with every adverse current that beats against their breasts or threatens to leap down upon them from above. Courage, not fear, faith, not doubt, were the primary forces that helped to bridge the wide gulf in the scale of being. And it is pertinent to remark that the policies adopted by the " gentle folk " in the realm of Nature have resulted in their outnumbering the predatory members a hundred to one, which is Nature's way of approving better social manners among her citizens.

Furthermore, it is no just criticism of a principle to assert that it is " impractical." If it is logically and ethically sound, it must eventually prevail, as surely as light will dispel darkness, or gravity exact its due. Conditions that appear wholly to preclude the possibility of their realisation should not deter us from proclaiming true principles at any time. If the great leaders of the race had waited for popular approval of newly discovered principles, humanity would have vanished long since and the " owl and the bittern," or the stonechats and the kestrel, would alone possess the earth. It is the mission of the prophets of the race to chart the course in unexplored seas, to blaze the way through the virgin forest. It is for others to build and man the ships, for others to found the cities and extend the Empires.

" The meek shall inherit the earth," was proclaimed by One who had no illusions about the forces of Nature and the character and habits of men. Yet He announced it in the face of a political and social order wherein physical force was paramount, and He did so with the unflinching faith that its truth would one day be realised. And who will deny that we have approached much nearer to its realisation meanwhile?

We are not concerned with the fact that the principles laid down by Mr. Wilson are not immediately realisable. The same criticism was applied with equal vehemence to the announcements of Moses, Socrates, Christ, Galileo, Copernicus, Newton. None of these got far beyond proclaiming certain true principles, leaving it to their successors to work out the problems of practical application. It is sufficient for us to know that the principle is sound, the objective worthy of attainment. It is our business, then, to use our own wits to work out the details. We

BACON PIGS

Encourage Humane Killing of these Animals and so avoid participation in cruelty.

Everyone who purchases Bacon and Ham can assist in preventing cruelty by a little personal effort.

Write to the Chief Secretary, The Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 105 Jermyn Street, London, S.W.1, for further particulars.

N.B.—Various firms of bacon curers, large and small, have used Humane Killers on all their pigs voluntarily for several years, without any detriment to their business; thus proving that the humane method allows their products to maintain the same high level of quality as the usual sticking and hoisting method (when the pigs are in full consciousness), and that the general adoption of the humane method would be no hardship to traders.

may require " blue prints and specifications " to guide us in the work, but we should not expect the prophet to supply them. It is his function to prepare the rough sketch; it is for others to make the tracings and the estimates.

No one with clear vision and unbiassed mind will deny the operation of the " law of sacrifice," the stress of struggle. But that does not imply that we have no alternative save slavish submission to an inexorable Fate. It is in our very power to limit the influence of environment that we find the key to the riddle. And while sacrifice may be universal and inevitable, it can just as well be applied to redemptive as to destructive ends. And herein lies the strength of the principles formulated by Mr. Wilson. They are charged with the dynamic of regeneration and so harmonise with the great eternal forces that " make for righteousness."

FRANK E. HYSLOP.

Haddonfield, N.J.

Janus

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—Till quite recently it has been the boast and pride of England that her newspapers expressed independent views. We now appear to have what may be termed a " Press Trust " embracing some 80 per cent. of the papers of England, which means that the public as a whole are liable to have their views on the leading questions of the day influenced by a very small clique of rich men. This, in my opinion, is not a healthy situation, and it is, I believe, the opinion of every thinking man and woman.

The only way to obviate this state of affairs would be for the Government of the day to be responsible for the publication of a daily paper which would give views both on political questions and others. It should be quite practicable to publish a daily in other respects similar to *The Daily Mail* or *Daily Express*, but reserving two pages, one for the views of the Government in power, and the other for those of the Opposition. Each of these pages should have its own Editor. The public would then have the full ideas of both parties put before them without suppression or distortion of facts. There is no reason why a paper of this kind should not be a commercial success, as the circulation would be very large with a corresponding revenue from advertisements. Appropriate titles for such a paper would be either *The English Gazette* or *The National Gazette*.

J. B. PAGET.

THE
ENGLISH REVIEW

Spurious Christianity

THE Conference of 1,200 delegates of many Christian bodies recently held at Birmingham supplies much food for thought. "It is safe to predict," said the Bishop of Winchester in a letter to *The Times*, "that the reports which were presented at the Birmingham meeting will be text-books for the study of the Christian aspects of our social problems for a long time to come." They represented, he adds, not merely the judgments of those forming the Commissions which prepared them, but also "the thinking of large numbers of people to whom the *questionnaires* were addressed, and who met all over the country in study circles for their consideration."

This being the case, it is clear that the one paramount question which arises in connection with the conclusions reached is whether that thinking was correct. For to assume its correctness merely on the ground that all the thinkers were animated by the best motives would be a grotesque defiance of reason and experience. An Anarchist might conceivably convince himself, quite sincerely, that to blow up St. Paul's Cathedral with a large congregation in it was a sacred duty owed by him to humanity at large. Thus his motive might be pure as an angel's, and his faith in his creed absolute. Yet it would not be in the least degree less necessary on that account to hunt him down like a wild beast and to shoot him at sight.

What this implies is that in human affairs right direction of intention is wholly insufficient to secure good result. To have such intention is in truth only half the battle—if as much. What is wanted, in addition, is the mind trained to reason, to analyse, to synthetise, and to deal with a wide range of facts. Without such training, clear thinking and correct deductions are hardly possible. "O Lord, give

us sound judgment; O Lord, inspire us with energy enough to train our minds" are prayers which ought to go up from every Christian church or place of meeting. But are they often heard, or often recommended by preachers?

These reflections have been irresistibly prompted by a perusal of some of the resolutions passed by the Conference—popularly known as "C.O.P.E.C." (*i.e.*, Conference on (Christian) politics, economics and citizenship) —to which we have referred. As illustrations of the inability, even of the "study circles," to reason logically, they are altogether admirable. But unfortunately that is the only good purpose which they serve.

The two resolutions to which we would specially allude are, first, that affirming that "all war is contrary to the spirit and teaching of Jesus Christ," and, secondly, that favouring the abolition of capital punishment. The Bishop of Winchester, in the letter already mentioned, informs the world that this second pronouncement was made "without so much as hearing, let alone considering, the case for the other side." As, however, he styles this "the only lapse from prudence" (would not "instance of criminal folly" have been a better term?) we are forced to the inference that this worthy dignitary of the Anglican Church approves the resolution on the subject of war, and therefore that he condemns all those who fought and died for their country from 1914 to 1918. In this belief the Bishop is at once faced by the contrary opinion of the Roman Catholic Church. In a letter in *The Times*, printed immediately beneath his own, a divine of that Church declares this fact, points out that "the possession of rights, whether individual or national, implies the lawfulness of defending those rights against unjust aggression," and asks whether we must "think that the call to succour invaded Belgium was one to be branded as unchristian and opposed to the commands of Christ?"

On this point we agree entirely with the Roman Catholic position, and disagree as completely with that of the delegates to the Conference. It is difficult indeed to exaggerate the harm to real Christianity caused by the passing of such a resolution as theirs. For it instantly sets the alleged teaching of the Founder of Christianity in violent opposition to the conscience of man. Amongst the

three millions or more of Kitchener's volunteers, were most, or many, moved by "militarism," or Imperialism, or any other of the "isms" nowadays held up to public execration, unless, indeed, patriotism comes under the ban? That which in truth brought those men to face wounds, privations and death was the sacrificial call to offer their lives in defence of their families, their homes, and their native land. If to obey that call was unchristian, then so much the worse for Christianity. In that case we would far rather, on our part, be Mohammedan.

But, in reality, to say that such action as theirs was opposed to the spirit and teaching of the Christian Founder is to blaspheme that spirit and that teaching of which the very essence consists in readiness to sacrifice self for others. In this connection the Copeckers might have usefully applied the text "By their fruits ye shall know them," and might have asked which set of Englishmen were worthy of the greater respect in the war, those who "left all"—parents, or wives, or children—to tread the hard and narrow path of duty, or those who, as conscientious objectors, stayed at home and made money? Was it more Christianlike to refuse sacrifice than to make it? Would not any genuine objectors to war have been passionately eager to prove that they were at least animated by no mercenary aims, and that, though constrained by their peculiar ideas to repudiate the first obligation of citizenship, they were yet as ready to risk their lives and endure hardship as the men in the trenches? They would have been found volunteering for service in minesweepers in the North Sea, or for ambulance work on the battlefield. They would have repudiated with indignation, unbounded and unfeigned, any suggestion that they should actually convert their consciences into machinery for securing financial gain. Yet, out of the whole host of skulkers, how many were there who gave such evidence of sincerity as this?

We make no apology for dwelling on this theme, for the question at issue is crucial. These sophists of Birmingham are doing all that in them lies to destroy belief in Christian ethics when they place on record such unutterable nonsense as their considered thought. The harm which their ideas can do during war has been terribly

demonstrated. The injury which they can inflict on mankind during peace is becoming not less apparent. For the actual effect produced is to seek to impel all men of good will to stand aside from that conflict between right on the one hand and evil on the other, which, as it rages ceaselessly within each human individuality, so persists also in the external world. If we are to cease to resist evil finding physical expression, why should we not also cease to combat that same evil within ourselves? The evil without is but the breaking forth of the evil within. The duty of contending against it is in each case alike. But these pitiable mental weaklings cannot see the identity. According to them, in the presence of evil which is violent and aggressive, the whole duty of man is to submit. Never must he give succour to the wronged, to the savagely oppressed, if that help involve the risk of war. Was Belgium invaded; were we pledged to aid her? Never mind. Break your promise. Stand aside. Were great areas of France ravaged; were we in England threatened with absolute loss of our national independence, with the overthrow of our freedom, with the slaughter of our people, and the outraging of our women? What does that matter? Let Satan win. Submit, submit, submit.

If this were really the teaching of Christianity, which—thank Heaven—it most emphatically is not, then the sooner its creed perished from the earth the better, for it would in that case be equally opposed to the laws of God and to the soul of man. The truth is that these sentimentalists are in a state of pitiable mental confusion. Recoiling, as we all recoil, from the horrors implied by war, just as we shudder at those entailed by some vast epidemic, they have mistaken non-resistance to evil fury for its antidote and its cure. Similarly, there were some besotted fanatics in the Middle Ages who looked upon the plague as a visitation of God's will which to resist was sinful. Strange is it also to reflect that these bigots of our day have reached in substance the same doctrine of passive obedience which was preached in the seventeenth century in this country by the Anglican Church, until the intolerable oppressions of James II. caused a sudden change of view. For if war, under any circumstances, be unchristian, evidently armed rebellion must be unchristian,

too, so that if a future Communist "Union of Soviets" in Britain were to order a massacre, say, of all the middle and upper classes (such as Lenin and Trotsky practically achieved in Russia), it would be quite manifestly wicked to resist. Thus—in the whirligig of time and chance—have the Quakers, the Congregationalists, the Methodists, the Presbyterians, and all the other Christian bodies who were represented at Birmingham, proclaimed in substance that very doctrine of non-resistance which their forefathers so fiercely combated in the age of the Stuarts!

The second resolution, previously named, in favour of abolishing capital punishment, is very much of a piece with the first. If indeed the deniers of the right to fight were logical, they would, like Tolstoi, deny also the right to use force at all, whether in restraint of crime or of any mischievous folly, since in cases where the criminals show an armed front it must be often quite impossible to distinguish between police action and war. Thus, when the Sidney Street murderers were brought to bay, a company of Guards had to be called in to subdue them. Was that sinful? And, if not, why not? If the murderers had numbered two thousand armed men, instead of only two, would what was right in the one instance have been wrong in the other?

Passing by this somewhat significant point, and recognising the implied admission that Christians may use force towards criminals, we come to the question whether they may apply to murderers the penalty of death. The answer must depend on the ultimate purpose which we assign to punishment. If that purpose be mainly to reform the criminal, as the principal speaker on the subject contended, then obviously we must allow even the vilest and most dangerous ruffians to continue to live. But if the main object remains now what it has been all through the ages, the protection of human society in the most effective possible way, then the strongest reasons exist for maintaining the death penalty. The State is the trustee of the nation, and the first duty of a trustee is to safeguard the interests of his ward. In regard to brutal murderers, the infliction of death is incomparably the most efficacious means of deterrence. "I'd do you in if it wasn't that I

should have to swing for it" is a remark which has often been made by convicts to their warders. The other view implies that the law breaker, because he is that, is at once to become an object of extreme solicitude to the State—to an extent far greater than that of the law observer. This appears to us mere sentimental folly.

It will be plain from what we have already said that we fail to find evidence of constructive thought—if indeed of much thought worthy of the name—in the reported utterances of this Conference. Too many of its resolutions display either undiluted sentimentalism or portentous platitude. Take, for example, that concerning unemployment. It calls this "a challenge of primary urgency"—a fact which all knew before—and it demands "a searching enquiry" into its causes. What on earth is the use of this? There have been dozens of enquiries, and every sensible man knows well that the main cause of our present distresses is the capture of the trade unions by the Socialists and the enormous consequent reduction in our industrial output, owing to the substitution of time work for piecework and to the accursed doctrine of ca' canny. While the worker in the United States continues to produce two and a half times as much per head as the worker in Britain, we do not need to search further for the cause of unemployment. The best thing that the C.O.P.E.C.ers could have done would have been to offer up a prayer to the Almighty to drive the plague of Socialism from this land and to purge their own souls of its taint.

Current Comments

National Dishonour

THE short article which we publish this month (on page 646) by the Hon. Esmond Harmsworth, M.P., will arouse a sense of indignant revulsion against the failure to produce after all these years even a semblance of equitable treatment of civilian sufferers by enemy action. It is indeed a scandal of the first magnitude, which, now that it has been energetically unearthed by Mr. Harmsworth, cannot be hushed up by those mysterious forces of bureaucracy which have earned for the Civil Service the sinister reputation of being more diligent in protecting the enemy than in aiding the unfortunate British taxpayers who pay the salaries. Mr. Harmsworth's questions in Parliament, his deputation to the Board of Trade, and his present article are the first shots in a campaign which he, and others whose support he has secured, will vigorously prosecute until this monstrous wrong has been righted. Ample and crushing evidence is available to prove that there has been such a grave miscarriage of justice, such official stupidity, and such unconscionable callousness to the claims of civilian sufferers by enemy action as would be inconceivable except at the hands of Government, of which it may be truly said that it has neither soul to be damned nor body to be kicked. That a Royal Commission, presided over by a man of the quality of Lord Sumner, should have perpetrated such an iniquity and attempted to justify itself by two such inconsequent and unconvincing reports as have been issued by the Royal Commission on Compensation for Suffering and Damage by Enemy Action passes our comprehension.

In the first instance it was understood that civilians who suffered damage by enemy action (aircraft, bombardment, internment, seizure of property, etc.) were invited to render claims against Germany on forms supplied by the Government through a special department of the Foreign Office.

At a later date it was announced by Mr. Lloyd George that out of the first sums received from Germany a sum of £5,000,000 would be set aside for distribution, as far as it would go, amongst such claimants. Later still, in view of the uncertainty as to when reparations from Germany would be received, it was announced that a Royal Commission would be appointed to allocate this sum of £5,000,000 out of the National Exchequer amongst the said claimants as an *ex gratiâ* payment in accordance with some principle of equity not disclosed. After a further lapse of about four years, during which neither Germany nor the British Government produced any funds for the purpose, and the Royal Commission contented itself with issuing two futile reports calculated only to throw unfortunate claimants into that state of hopeless bewilderment which appears to be the proudest achievement of Government officials, a few victims began to receive ridiculous awards such as £4 in respect of a claim for £150. We have information that in cases of serious damage by aircraft, amounting to many thousands of pounds, repeated and urgent requests were made that at least the claim should be assessed by an independent surveyor acting for the Government in order that, if the ruined property were pulled down, rebuilt, and the owners and their architects dead before compensation was recovered, some irrefutable evidence would be available as to the extent of the damage. As might be expected, the Department, numbering many hundreds of more or less expensive civil servants, and the unapproachable Royal Commission never deigned to take the least notice of such a common-sense and reasonable proposal. In one case, notwithstanding that the Government were in temporary occupation of the building in question and withheld rent from the owners in view of its destruction by bomb, the following curt intimation that no compensation whatever will be paid has lately been received:—

Hope Deferred

TREASURY, WHITEHALL, S.W.1, LONDON.

Claim No. . . ., in Respect of Damage to Property.

The above claim has been carefully considered, but on the recommendation of the Royal Commission on Compensation for Suffering and Damage by Enemy Action, it has been decided not to award any payment in respect thereof.

XYZ/4/4/24.

Star Chamber Methods

All inquiries are met by a flat refusal to give any reasons whatever or to afford any opportunity of reopening the case. The form above quoted is the sole result of four years of patient waiting, in the natural belief that as the British Government is not admittedly in league with the German Government for the purpose of swindling British subjects, something at least would be paid some day. Such outrageous Star Chamber methods will not be tamely submitted to by a body of sufferers with legitimate claims totalling many millions of pounds. So far as it is understood that the allocation of £5,000,000, now increased, owing largely to Mr. Harmsworth's efforts, by £300,000, is a purely *ex gratiâ* payment out of the national exchequer, for the relief of the most necessitous cases, wide discretion would be willingly allowed to any Commission entrusted with the task of discriminating between the more or less necessitous claimants. But there is no evidence whatever that any conscientious or effective means have been adopted to exercise such discrimination, and a Department which discourages interviews, refuses to state any reasons, or intelligibly to answer letters, cannot rebut the accusation that claimants would not have received less sympathy or justice from a roulette board. Amongst the many disgraceful instances of official incompetence, the treatment of helpless sufferers by enemy action is one of the worst and must receive prompt remedy.

Whose is the Guilt?

But the most incredible enormity remains to be told. Claimants who have received either a ridiculous dole amounting to a shilling or two in the pound, or, as in the case quoted above, nothing at all, are now informed that the rejection of their unheard claims by the Royal Commission is not only final as regards the *ex gratiâ* payment by the British Government, *but final as against Germany!* Whether, therefore, the British Government ultimately receives £100,000,000 or £1,000,000,000 from Germany, civilians in London or Margate whose properties were destroyed and whose businesses were ruined are *for ever to be debarred by their own Government even from claiming compensation against the enemy!*

For a long time past talk about the "hidden hand"

has died down, but Englishmen who compare notes and discover that another related Department, dealing with the settlement of enemy debts, has threatened British subjects with writs because they refused to pay Germans in sterling, while ordering them to accept payment in fantastically depreciated marks, will not rest until the sinister influence which inspires these injustices has been removed from the public service which it dishonours.

Wembley and the Imperial Idea

THE essence of the ideas for which the British Empire Exhibition stands could hardly be better presented than in the cablegram from the Prime Minister of Australia, Mr. Bruce. Truly does he say that "it must kindle the imagination and admiration of all our peoples," for it is in fact the outcome of a growth which has continued from Elizabethan to Georgian time, from the days when Drake first ploughed the Pacific with an English keel until now when the English flag may be said to wrap the world in its folds. "Let us, on this day," says this Premier of one of our great daughter States, "in the spirit that animated and sustained our fathers, pledge ourselves by loyalty to the Empire's products to build up on the lasting foundation of the prosperity of every individual citizen a greater, nobler Empire than we have yet known, which will remain the greatest factor in maintaining peace."

May God grant this, and that the peoples of this country and of the British Dominions may heed the advice once given by the present Sovereign, and now recalled by his son, and awaken to the full responsibilities of the mighty heritage which the past of our race has bequeathed to this passing generation.

Who Killed Cock Robin?

WE understand that in the merry month of May the Liberal Party is to hold a corroboree in Brighton. Brighton is easily accessible from London at a small cost, and it is probable, therefore, that the muster may be large. Surely, however, the chief item on the agenda can only be to arrange for the early obsequies of an historic and once great party, now in the last stages of dissolution. Suicides are denied

the full dignities of burial, and an inquest or *post mortem* on the carcase of Liberalism, however much desired by the befooled rank and file, is hardly likely to be favoured by those leaders who, in a moment of intoxicated self-confidence, which we ventured to ridicule at the time, took the fatal step leading to the unexpectedly early annihilation of the party.

Government by "Gesture"

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald could hardly have hoped for a better chance of introducing himself to the world as Prime Minister of England by a series of those "gestures" which so many of his admirers have mistaken for inspired statesmanship. He has recognised Russia and exchanged polite letters with M. Poincaré. He has made many speeches which should have made it clear to the most sceptical that, although even the "most Godlike of statesmen" cannot perform miracles (or fulfil any appreciable proportion of their election pledges), yet he, at least, by the simple pronouncement of the word "Labour," is able "to associate himself in a mystical way with the great, simple, Godlike heart of the common people, with all its failures, but yet with all its divine potentialities, etc., etc." This sort of stuff may go down very well in Little Bethel, Brotherhood meetings, Copec and similar gatherings, but as Mr. MacDonald, in the largeness of his charity, is determined to credit both the Russian murderers, despots, and thieves, and the German debt-tricksters with abnormal hearts similar to those supposed to belong to the "common people" of his own country, it is evident that the curtain must be considered to have gone down on the prologue of the drama, and that it is about to rise on the more vital action of the play itself. In M. Poincaré, the Russians and the Germans, Mr. MacDonald has to deal with realists to whom the flatulent phrases so dear to his admirers will have no more value than the mere froth on a mug of ale to a thirsty man.

The Russian Conference

To do him but justice, Mr. MacDonald's opening speech to the Russians showed that his short tenure of office has already taught him much, and, having in his haste made the initial mistake of inviting these representatives of enthroned crime to

London, he even succeeded in recovering some of the dignity which he had lost. He has emphatically asserted his determination to insist upon the restoration of British property in Russia, estimated at £200,000,000, and on that point at least seems likely to stand firm.

The real test of his mettle and of his right to represent his country will be the question of Russia's indebtedness to the British Government (now approximately £870,000,000).

In the exuberance of his enthusiasm for the Russian Revolution, which Mr. MacDonald originally hailed as the glorious triumph of enlightened Democracy, he committed himself to another of those gestures—so simple and stimulating to the irresponsible stump orator, yet so difficult of realisation by the responsible statesman—namely, the demand that the benighted Allied creditors, still under the yoke of constitutional government and the capitalistic system, should speed the new republic on its way by cancelling all its debts.

Mr. MacDonald probably regrets this indiscretion, and we should not go out of our way to recall it, were it not for the fact that the Russians will hardly fail to remind him of his own statement, or to point out how easily it may be fulfilled by their simple device of inventing a fantastic counterclaim for an even larger amount, viz., the modest sum of £1,200,000,000.

It is impossible to conceive that the permanent officials of the Treasury, or the Foreign Office, would fail to exercise their utmost influence to prevent such an ignominious surrender, nor could it be made without the sanction of Parliament.

Something for Nothing

But this is not all. The Russians want, while repudiating their national debt, to obtain a substantial loan, probably not less than £50,000,000, in order to bolster up their corrupt Government long enough at least to enable some more of its members to retire to healthier climates with their stolen fortunes, and perhaps also to go to war with Roumania. The leading bankers of England have plainly told Mr. MacDonald that no such loan should be made out of our national exchequer, and that Russia cannot hope to enter the international

money market unless and until she conforms to such of the elementary conditions of commercial honesty and conventions as, at present, she contemptuously refuses to recognise.

London in the season must be so infinitely preferable to Moscow, especially to a party of adventurers plentifully supplied with cash and Roll-Royces, that Mr. MacDonald will probably be spared the unpleasant necessity of coming to final grips with them for weeks or even months. But ultimately he must reach the point when fine words and generous gestures will no longer satisfy the demands for hard cash which alone will content the *chevaliers d'industrie* to whom he so needlessly opened the door. The forces of sanity, still stronger than the Prime Minister, will, we believe, make it impossible for him to concede any such preposterous proposals, which would infallibly result in the loss of every penny advanced, after it had largely been spent in a manner hostile to our interests.

German Reparations

THERE are perhaps better grounds for hoping, but, we fear, less certainty than seems to be generally assumed, that the sound and statesmanlike proposal of the Dawes Commission will be adopted by all parties and usher in an era of peace and goodwill in Europe. The recommendations, which have been widely published, constitute the most effective and comprehensive means so far authoritatively proposed for securing as adequate and just a settlement as could be hoped for.

In their economic aspect they accord entirely with the views which have been repeatedly urged in this REVIEW, and they are assured of practically general acceptance.

Breakers Ahead

THERE is, however, one rock upon which the several Governments may split, and already Mr. MacDonald's naïve trust in German honesty has prompted him to declare his desire to "settle at once," without offending German susceptibilities by even discussing the possibility of measures of compulsion in the event of default (to him, apparently, unthinkable).

Almost the only fixed point in European politics is the

determination of M. Poincaré, backed by a practically unanimous nation, not to relax his stranglehold upon Germany before receiving in return either payment of her debt or, at least, equivalent guarantees of ability to enforce payment, coupled with security from attack. No one who is acquainted with the strength and unity of French feeling on this subject can entertain the least expectation that M. Poincaré will, or dare, make any further concession than that which he has already intimated as a possible basis of agreement. He has stated that, in return for a definite pact between the Allies that joint military sanctions should be agreed upon in advance as immediately enforceable on default, he would be willing to withdraw all but the merest shadow of control from the Ruhr.

The Vicious Circle

Mr. MacDonald, however, wishes to repeat his "gesture" to Russia, and first to credit defaulting Germany with every honourable intention of keeping her bargain. Germany, naturally, has seized the opportunity thus proffered to her of dividing the Allies, and so once more producing a confusion from which she hopes to benefit. M. Poincaré may compromise on the basis of reserving the right to enforce his own sanctions, independently of England, should Germany default. To this either Mr. MacDonald will not be allowed by his backbenchers to agree, or, should he follow the fatal example of Mr. Bonar Law, Europe will inevitably, and before long, find herself once more in the vicious circle which it was the mission of the Dawes Report to break.

The Irish Illusion

The Irish drama slowly unfolds itself. On the one hand the Dail is pressing for a settlement of the boundary question and demanding terms which Ulster, represented by Sir James Craig, is even less likely to concede than is M. Poincaré to evacuate the Ruhr without solid guarantees. Mr. J. H. Thomas, whose unfortunate duty it is, as Colonial Secretary, to handle this matter, will be hard pressed by his party to achieve the impossible and will be compelled at least to make some show of favouring the disloyalists. Not only will he find Sir James Craig immovable, but we

venture to hope that, as a responsible Minister of the Crown, who took office with the reputation of being, before anything else, a loyal Englishman, he will refuse to compromise that reputation.

On the other hand, the murder of British soldiers at Queenstown is still unexpiated, and slow-thinking Englishmen are beginning to ask themselves what sort of a country is it in which such crimes can be committed with impunity? Much has been said about "Dominion status" for Ireland, a degree of independence which, by the way, has been contemptuously rejected by the true voice of Sinn Fein. In what British Dominion, however, is it conceivable that a party of British soldiers or bluejackets with their wives could be brutally murdered in daylight, with no other result but official messages of sympathy with the Dominion Government and grovelling assurances that our high regard for their loyalty would remain unimpaired?

"The Lost Dominion"

THIS book, published by Messrs. Blackwood, deserves the perusal of many readers. *The Lost Dominion* is a designation in itself a portent. For it is, we believe, the first time that a writer whose full competence to deal with his subject is apparent has started with the assumption that, as a result of our "reforms," her Indian empire is lost to England. Is it so? In the outspoken article by Mr. H. F. Wyatt, entitled "The Wreck of India," which we publish this month, he urges with energy that, though indeed this loss is inevitable unless the Government of India Act of 1919 be repealed, the impossibility of its rescission resides entirely in the attitude of politicians at home. In other words, the Liberal and Socialist Parties, with their Press, are the real agencies responsible for the undoing of the results of 150 years of unmatchable work wrought by English administrators in Hindustan, and for the consignment of over three hundred millions of the human race to conditions of anarchy and bloodshed, of which the outline is already visible on the horizon, while in the Punjab they have actually begun. Mr. Wyatt observes that a resolute English Government, were such a thing now conceivable, would speedily find means to remedy the situation in India itself. He points out, also, that the accomplishment of

the avowed aim of the Act of 1919, namely, to confer full Dominion status on India, involves its certain severance from the Empire, since none of the factors of national identity which link us with the British Dominions exist in this instance, while the real tie, strong and just rule, will be then gone.

The Death Penalty in War

Amongst acts of folly perpetrated by British Governments, the abolition of the death penalty for Army offences on active service would seem to us, if it be effected, to deserve a high place. In this connection it is pertinent to recall to our readers' recollection the valuable and incisive article on this subject by Major J. B. Paget which we published in our issue of last September. Major Paget dealt, not with opinions, but with facts. He showed that, during the great struggle, the percentage of desertions in the Australian forces was about four times that in our own, while the only discoverable reason for this immense discrepancy was that the death penalty was not applied by the Australians, while it was applied by us. In the New Zealand contingent, where this punishment was inflicted, desertions were even fewer than in the English armies. "The Canadians," he says, "at the beginning did not have the death penalty, and had a very large number of deserters." They then brought it in, "and their percentage sank to the same as the English." The United States never resorted to this measure, and the number of deserters at the end of the war was known to be great, but official figures are wanting.

Local Option: The Bishop of Oxford's Bill

Amongst the most redoubtable champions of Prohibition, temporarily disguised as Local Option, is Lord Astor, from whose pen we published an article last month. Lord Astor and seven other peers addressed a letter to *The Times* the other day supporting the Bishop of Oxford's Liquor (Popular Control) Bill now again in the House of Lords. The Bill and the letter were the subject of a leading article in *The Observer* (Lord Astor's organ) of April 20th. As a straw may show which way the wind is blowing, so, we think, *The Observer* article indicates that the so-called temperance reformers are beginning to realise that in England, at least, they will be unable to carry

confiscating and prohibitory legislation on a wave of mere sentiment. Mr. Garvin has suddenly discovered that

> there is no reason why political thought should be cramped to the choice between prohibition and impotence. . . . There is no need either for truckling to *the narrow and impracticable spirit of suppression* [our italics] or neglecting any principle required for definite progress.
>
> . . . A national prohibition policy is totally outside a survey of things practicable in this country. . . . Who in his senses could picture, under effective prohibition, this island, with every mile of its long coast-line an invitation to smugglers, with Ireland, France, Belgium, Holland, and Germany ready at all times to supply its unregenerate wants? This is not a policy, but a hallucination. . . . Change cannot be sudden or sweeping. It must be gradually tested at every step. Valuable knowledge will be accumulated. The Trade is assured fair play, and the Temperance movement will be forced to devote its main energy to the educational side.

Here, then, is quite undeniably an admission, from the most inspired and powerful supporters of Prohibition by stealth, that there is no need to truckle to the narrow spirit of suppression, that a national Prohibition policy is totally out of the question and nothing but a hallucination. It will be observed that it is not admitted that such a policy is wrong or undesirable, merely that it is at present impracticable. Everyone is agreed that reform in some shape is necessary, and it will be seen from the important article on the subject which we publish this month, by a very well-informed and serious student of the question, that opinions differ very widely as to the most effective methods. We greatly regret that we have no space in which to analyse in detail the Bishop of Oxford's Bill, and that we must confine our comments upon it to a very brief condemnation of its main provisions, instead of such a reasoned criticism as the importance of the problem deserves.

There is not the slightest moral sanction for what is called "Local Option," and it is only demanded by those who are determined to impose Local *Veto* as a stage towards National Veto. Consciously or unconsciously this is admitted by Mr. Garvin in his article quoted above. With regard to the provisions of the Bill as to compensation for extinction of licences, they may be shortly dismissed with the remark that, were similar conditions proposed in respect of Church property on disestablishment, every pulpit in England would ring with denunciations of their wicked injustice. In reference to the Welsh Local Option

Bill, we quoted Mr. Lloyd George as having said, in 1920, that the rights of property existed in England and Wales in respect of licences. He uttered the warning that if these rights were disregarded, "especially in the present atmosphere," other rights of property would be imperilled. Let the Bishops of Oxford and Winchester reflect that an even larger section of the community, which owes no allegiance to them, will have no more qualms of conscience in despoiling the Church than the Copecs and fanatics who clamour for Local Veto, in robbing the hated "Trade." Property is property, whether it be in the form of tithes, land, stocks and shares, or public-houses. And there is no sanction, legal, moral, or Christian, for disregarding the rights of any which have been honestly acquired.

Work or Doctrine

Before this number appears Mr. Snowden will have announced his decision with regard to the McKenna duties. The subject is one which at a later stage we hope to deal with at some length, since, in our view, the wise extension of the Safeguarding of Industries Act, as distinct from a general policy of Protection, will necessarily form one of the main features of the Conservative programme. In every industry covered by the duties, the undeniable results have been largely increased employment, extensions of plant, confidence in making forward commitments, larger profits with consequent increase in tax contributions to national revenue, and, owing to greater output, reductions in selling price, in some cases to below the pre-war level. The workers engaged in the various industries are almost unanimously in favour of the continuation of the duties. Mr. Snowden (himself, we believe, a doctrinaire devotee of the unadulterated Liberal principles of Free Trade) was thus obviously between the Scylla of his Labour supporters and the Charybdis of his Fabian mentors. There can be little doubt that his own political interests would be best served by retention of the duties, but, as he is credited with a large measure of obstinate adhesion to preconceived ideas, we cannot venture as we write to forecast his final decision.

The Letters of an Englishman

"Pirates Afloat and Ashore"

By Charles Whibley

THERE are few passages in the history of the British Isles which keep a tighter hold upon our imagination than the episode of piracy. They were brave men, who sailed the southern sea, attacked heavily laden merchantmen, made their sailors walk the plank, and stuffed the holds of their own ships with doubloons, pieces of eight, and the rich spoils of the Indies. The very words which describe the craft and discomfiture of the pirates keep about them a fine savour of romance—the Spanish Main, the Jolly Roger, the Skull and Cross-bones, Execution Dock, and the rest. Who is insensitive to the sound of them, or blind to the pictures which they recall to our memories? And not only were they gallant men—the pirates; they were also sea-artists, who were at home in the roughest seas, and stout fighters, who would uphold the cause of their country over all the broad ocean, wherever a rascally enemy dared to fly his flag. They were not intent merely on filling their pockets, though none of them despised what he thought an honest gain. They carried in their hearts the just ambition of extending the British Empire, and they took pride in flying the national flag (as well as the Jolly Roger) on distant, half-known shores. Drake was of their number, who never forgot that his chief duty was to singe the Spaniard's beard, and Dampier, who twice sailed round the globe, and ensured an amiable immortality by writing a masterpiece of his own. He was not of those who expect the palm without the dust; he was content to sail as a privateer on the harsh terms, "no purchase, no pay," and he died as he lived, a poor, adventurous hero. And who can recall without a thrill Woodes Rogers, gifted alike with pen and sword, who discovered Alexander Selkirk at

Juan Fernandez, and who thus became the true begetter of *Robinson Crusoe?*

Of these and many more Mr. Philip Gosse gives a clear, straightforward account in his *Pirates' Who's Who* (London: Dulau & Co.), a worthy enterprise worthily carried out. The pirates, indeed, deserve their historian. Esquemeling and the immortal Captain Charles Johnson have achieved much, but they wrote of their own time, and though no modern is ever likely to imitate their sureness of phrase and touch, the sureness of men writing of their own kind and class, they left many heroes undescribed. Here, then, in a small compass and in alphabetical order we may find all the famous pirates and buccaneers who have thrown a lustre upon our arms and arts. It is not easy to define a pirate, though we should all know one (I hope) if we met him, and Mr. Philip Gosse does not always seem indisputably right in his choice. Some gallant adventurers he omits, and now and again he sets the crown of piracy upon an undeserving pate. Why, for instance, does he give us a sketch of Bartholomew Shap, whom he mentions in his preface? And why does he include a rascally traitor like Paul Jones, who took arms against his king and country, in a list of honourable pirates? There is not one of them who would not have hanged Paul Jones from the yard-arm had they caught him. And Henry Simms, better known as Gentleman Harry—what does he in this company? It is true that he performed many gallant and humorous feats on the road, it is true that Borrow esteemed his autobiography a masterpiece, but he was a hightobyman, not a pirate, and should be kept properly in his place.

The pirates were, for the most part, men of direct and simple character. They had no subtlety that they should tempt the psychologist. They lacked money; they knew where it might be found; and they had no doubt that they could enforce a speedy transference. So their exploits encourage in their biographer a plain method of narrative. When Mr. Philip Gosse tells you of Captain Daniel that "the name of this bloodthirsty pirate will go down to fame as well as to notoriety by his habit of combining piracy with strict Church discipline," you know precisely where you are. There are few of them who do not give the

biographer the chance of a good opening. Of one Spriggs we are told that he was "an uninteresting and bloody pirate without one single redeeming character." And when you read of Captain Taylor, in the words of Captain Charles Johnson, that he was "a fellow with a terrible pair of whiskers, and a wooden Leg, being stuck round with Pistols, like the Man in the Almanack with Darts," you acknowledge that there is not much else to be said.

Most of the pirates cultivated a formidable aspect. They were artists in beards and whiskers, and none of them might be compared with Captain Edward Teach, the notorious Blackbeard. Even had he been a mild-mannered man, he could not but have inspired all beholders with awe. Here is Mr. Philip Gosse's description of him: "Teach was a tall, powerful man, with a fierce expression, which was increased by a large black beard, which grew from below his eyes and hung down to a great length. This he plaited into many tails, each one tied with a coloured ribbon, and turned back over his ears. When going into action, Teach wore a sling on his shoulders with three pair of pistols, and stuck lighted matches under the brim of his hat." No wonder his appearance was "fearful," and he was no mere theatrical intimidator. A fiercer rascal never sailed the seas nor flew the Jolly Roger. And as his victims dreaded his ferocity, his friends shrank terrified from his humour. One day in his cabin he blew out the candle and fired his pistol in the dark under the table, saying that "if he did not shoot one or two of them now and then they would forget who he was"; and I can easily believe that the guest, who was severely wounded in the knee, found no solace in the pirate's frolicsome temper. But when it came to fighting, Teach spared neither himself nor his enemies. At one time he lay off Charleston, seizing every ship that attempted to enter or to leave the port, and thus he struck "great Terror to the whole Province of Candia." At last he met his match in Lieutenant Maynard, who went in search of him in the sloop, the *Ranger*, and came upon the pirate in an inlet of the James River. It is characteristic of the time and place that Teach received warning from Mr. Secretary Knight of Maynard's approach. The warning did him no good. Maynard lost no time in attacking the pirate ship,

and a ferocious combat took place. Maynard and Teach fought one another with swords and pistols, and if Maynard were the better fighter, neither yielded in courage to his adversary. Teach was wounded in twenty-five places before he fell dead, and the triumphing Maynard returned to port with no more to show than a cut over the fingers.

Now in Teach there is evident that "oneness" of character which always distinguishes the truly great. He was a superb ruffian, and that is all. He dressed the part, because he was an artist who took as much delight in his aspect as in his daring deeds. Some of the others, eminent in their own way, complicated their achievement by a dispersed interest in other things. Sir Henry Morgan, for instance, fine buccaneer though he was, aimed also at colonial statesmanship, was handsomely received by Charles II., and was praised for his amiable conversation by John Evelyn. Then there was Major Stede Bonnet, of whom my friend, Marcel Schwob, wrote an "imaginary life," and who took to the sea, not because he had a natural love of the piracy, but because he wanted to escape from the persecution of a termagant wife. He was a rich man, with a property in Barbados, before he ran up the Jolly Roger, and but for "a disorder in his mind" he might have died comfortably and honourably in his bed. But he preferred a life of crime to "the discomforts of a married state," and, despite his inexperience, he enjoyed for a while an astonishing success. Unfortunately he fell in with Teach, who arrogantly removed him from the command of his own ship and marooned seventeen of his crew. He revolted successfully against Teach, and had another interval of triumph, but at last he was caught and hanged at Charleston, after having been compelled to listen—heaviest infliction of all—to a very long speech from Judge Trot, who embellished his discourse with biblical quotations. And yet, though Major Stede Bonnet sailed the seas gallantly enough, though he paid the penalty at the gallows, you remember the termagant wife, as the true and irrelevant motive of his career, and you know that he was not genuinely sealed of the piratical tribe.

There is more to be said in favour of Captain Bartholomew Roberts, a man and a pirate, every inch of

him. His career was the most highly distinguished in the annals of piracy. He was elected chief of the pirates after he had been at work only six weeks, and his pride would not let him say more of the honour done him than that "since he had dipped his hands in muddy water and must be a pirate, it was better being a commander than a common man." But if piracy was his craft, his chief delight was in discipline. He was martinet as well as moralist. He is the only teetotaller that ever unfurled the black flag, and what he was himself he would have compelled all his men to be, had it been possible. It was not possible, and by a stroke of irony he was killed at last because he cut his cables and sailed out of harbour at Parrot Island to meet the King's ship, when his crew was too drunk to fight. On board his ships all lights were extinguished at 8 o'clock, and no woman was ever allowed aboard. Games of cards and dice were forbidden to his crew by this highly moral tyrant, and Sunday was kept so holy by him that no music was allowed on that day. Moreover, he was, like many another pirate, a dandy. He wore always a rich damask waistcoat and breeches, a red feather in his cap, and about his neck a gold chain, from which a diamond cross dangled. A bold pirate, in truth, and a fine gentleman, who was trying all the while to compel the world's applause for qualities that had nothing whatever to do with piracy.

After the pirates were swept from the seas, what became of them? They mounted horses, and cried "Stand and deliver!" on every high road in England. They learned the tactics of a new game, though they still aimed at the same strategy, which was to live at their ease on money levied upon the rich and idle. And now that the hightoby is no longer in fashion, by what means do they satisfy their greed? Mr. Philip Gosse thinks, quite rightly, that they are to be found in the city or in politics. You may meet them to-day in the neighbourhood of the Exchange or in purlieus of Westminster. Still convinced that it is beneath the pride of a man of spirit to create wealth, they do their best to live upon the wealth of others. They invent bubble companies, which shall persuade the greedy simpleton, eager as his adversary to get rich quick, to entrust them with his money. The widow and the

orphan are their especial care, as they are convinced that the poor and friendless have no right to cling feverishly to the hoarded pittances which they dare not spend. And these modern pirates are far cleverer with the pen than with the sword. They have, every one of them, a deft hand at a lying prospectus, which shall charm the guineas out of the most closely buttoned pocket, and which (they hope) will keep them, when the plot is over and done, out of the clutches of the law.

Such are the tactics of the pirate in the city. The tactics of the pirate in Parliament are less dangerous and often more profitable. Moreover, the political pirate, if he be cunning enough, can make his supporters believe that he is serving both them and his country. And see what scope there is for piracy within the limits of politics! The pirate can buy what votes he wants—and votes are the political pieces of eight—with other people's money. He can house his friends—not for nothing—rent free in the houses of other men. He can contrive taxes which shall at once profit himself and injure those whom he accounts his enemies. The weapons which he uses seem innocuous. They are chiefly falsehood and slander, and, while they do their work efficiently, they do not bring him to the Tree. Indeed, the political pirate has a fair chance of ending his shabby life in ease and comfort, and if he add a touch of blackmail to his other accomplishments (who knows?) he may close his career in the House of Lords.

He is inferior to the pirates of old, because he incurs no hardships, he runs no risks. The pirate who faced danger daily, as Teach and Bartholomew Roberts faced it, was a better man than the sneak-thief, who knows that, whatever happens, he will get off with a whole skin. And while we may condemn as harshly as we like the timid, esurient rascals, who make a trade of politics, we cannot withhold a meed of respect from those who went out in all weathers, who were not afraid, at a pinch, to engage the King's ships in mortal combat, and before whose eyes there flitted always the vision of the gallows at Execution Dock.

The Wreck of India

By Harold F. Wyatt

The affairs of India have long been the monopoly of experts. Moved by an instinct in its origin unquestionably sound, the average educated Englishman has left to them the task of dealing with the greatest and most populous empire ever subjected to an alien and distant race. He has felt that they should know, and that he knows not, the complexities of the vast problems which Hindustan presents for solution. In the issue, for generations, his faith in the expert has been justified. For in the past India has been held, and held firmly, while a great and beneficent work has been carried forward there under the broad folds of the British Flag.

Would that what was true once were true now! But it is true no longer. For in accordance with the law which in history has brought the fall of successive civilisations, we in this country seem to have reached that last stage of "progress" at which democracy, full fledged, occupies the seats of power and, like a madman self-condemned to suicide, tears out its own entrails by dissipating the wealth stored by previous industry and flinging the results of centuries of endeavour to the winds of rapine and the blind fury of greed. The shibboleths of democratic theory, many of them totally devoid of reality and senseless as the dreams of the insane, have dominated our politics and have been applied to a region inhabited by a vast congeries of diverse peoples, to whom they were more unsuited than to any other great collection of persons on the earth, save, perhaps, to the dwellers in Central Africa. Thus while the average citizen has been withheld by consciousness of inadequate knowledge from interesting himself in the concerns of what was once called our Indian Empire, his representatives in the House of Commons, for the most part fully his equals in ignorance, though far his inferiors in modesty, have translated words of folly into acts of shame, and are at this moment pursuing a course which is visibly and swiftly plunging nearly three hundred and fifty

millions of human beings into anarchy and bloodshed, with the inevitable concomitants of starvation and despair and the almost equally certain sequel of subsequent conquest by Japan.

This being the actual state of affairs, it is rather more than time that every British citizen, possessed of some education, some intelligence and a conscience, should awaken to the effects of the policy by which the politicians are destroying the Empire, while blackening the name and fame of England in the Middle East. It is to such citizens, kindled at last to a recognition of their responsibilities, that I appeal here. They must be up and doing if they wish to arrest the progressive destruction of what is good and the development of what is evil in the immense realm which God and history have entrusted to our charge. And since, to the success of any such movement on their part, some acquaintance with salient facts is essential, this article is written, not for the expert, not for the officer, or the administrator, or the planter, of Indian experience, but for the man described—the man in the street.

First, then, let us grasp that the word "India" does not denote a nation (as "France" denotes the French), but a geographical area about fifteen times as large as that which used to constitute the British Isles.* In it are spoken one hundred and forty-five different languages, or, as some prefer to put it, twenty-five main vernacular and several hundred dialects. There are fifty different scripts. The differences between the various races are very much greater than those, say, between the Norwegian and the Spaniard, or the Italian and the Finn. When we take only the racial and linguistic distinctions, a man might just as well talk of the democratic duty of giving home rule to that loving and cohesive entity, France and Germany, as of the need of bestowing the like privilege on the immensely diverse inhabitants of Hindustan. Yet great though these diversities are in themselves, they shrivel by comparison with those imposed by religion and by caste. As, if you stamp a die with a hundred squares roughly across another similarly faced, you multiply enormously the number of its partitions, so has been the effect of super-

*This article deals with realities, not with conventions, and in reality the so-called "British Isles" now consist principally of Britain and Ulster.

imposing religious and caste divisions upon those already caused by language, character and race. Between the Mohammedan and the Hindu exists an age-long feud, restrained from broadening into a sea of blood only by the sword of the British Râj, and testified by recent and desperate riots. A little while ago the clacking tongues of the political agitators declared this ancient and internecine hate to be healed, but even their mendacity has been insufficient to maintain this fiction, and everyone in India knows such pronouncements to be mere oratorical wind. Nor is fierce antagonism limited to that between the principal creeds. Amongst the Hindus themselves various sects and furious jealousies exist.

In this India, thus divided, live about one-fifth of the human race, of whom some three-fourths are in British India, heretofore under British administration, while the remainder are under that of native princes, with armies of their own, who owe allegiance to the King-Emperor.

Anyone not conversant with history and the course of human events may well seek an explanation of the curious fact that a mere handful of Englishmen should have attained and maintained supremacy in this enormous region over peoples collectively several thousand times more numerous than the English troops employed. Here, too, we meet the sneering query of the English calumniator. What business had we, he asks, denizens of a little island in the North Sea, to subjugate and dominate an Asiatic Empire many thousand miles away? The answer is to be found in the needs of human intercourse; in the chaos, pillage and bloodshed prevailing in India before we conquered it; in the valour, justice and governing qualities of English soldiers and administrators; and in the fact that we alone were able to produce, and did produce, order and security in provinces previously devoid of law, subjected to gross oppression, and rent and ravaged by vast hordes of invading banditti. One short period there was, during Clive's absence in England after his defeat of the Dutch following his conquest of Bengal in 1757, when, for the briefest space, the English themselves, in that moment of limitless opportunity and absolute mastery, yielded to temptation and themselves played the part of oppressors. But that fall from grace stands practically alone in the

noble history of the English in India. When the warrior statesman returned to the Empire which he had founded for England, he swiftly redressed the grievances and healed the wrongs. Though in the temporary madness of a baffled greed many officers rebelled against the restraining grip of his iron hand, he faced the danger and subdued the mutiny. If any portion of the soul of Clive inhered in our rulers to-day, England would not now be tamely abandoning her mission and her duty in the mighty heritage which he bequeathed.

Briefly to summarise facts: We went originally to India because this world is one, not multiple, and when naval strength and the advance of navigation opened the paths of distant seas, the exchange of commodities between the inhabited parts of the planet became natural and inevitable. (The Dutch, the Portuguese, the Spanish, and the French were similarly actuated to similar ends.) To serve that exchange, settlements were needed, and they were established, as at Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay. But some provision of defence was requisite against random raids by robber bands, and later, when the Mogul Empire became disintegrated, against more serious attack. Therefore, native soldiers were enlisted, to whom English officers imparted the training and discipline possessed by the armies of Europe. The French also were impelled by like causes to like results. They, too, had founded coast settlements and they, too, guarded them by troops. Hence when such central government as had existed in India broke down in the first half of the eighteenth century, and when war began between France and England in Europe, we and they were brought into inevitable collision in the East. Both French and English represented ordered and civilised communities in contact with disorganised and barbaric violence. Each was driven forward by the law of its being, and each in that movement was forced to compete with the other.

Again to epitomise, we found in India anarchy and we substituted for it peace. We found injustice rampant, justice unknown, and the caprice of despots the only law. We found, as in Bengal, unwarlike populations exposed in utter helplessness to the fury of martial marauders. We made law reign and justice triumphant. We broke

the despots, as Clive destroyed Surajah Dowlah, and in many a stern encounter where our soldiery were outnumbered by five or ten to one we shattered the robber hosts of warrior races, such as the Mahrattas of the western coasts. Wherever our rule has extended, there, during a hundred and sixty years, the humble tiller of the soil has been able to sow, to reap, and to garner his crops in security that the fruits of his toil would not be seized by violence, that his hut would not be burnt over his head, that he himself would not be murdered, and that his womenfolk would not be torn from him to serve the lust of ruthless strength. Are these but elementary boons, too commonplace for gratitude or for remembrance? They were blessings denied to the masses of Hindustan at the time when our career of conquest was begun, benefits which there is no faintest reason to suppose they would ever have enjoyed had Europe (with England as its champion) never planted its sway amongst them.

Too probably, in days to all appearance not far removed, when "the progress of democracy" shall have withdrawn the English shield from the tens of millions of the Indian poor, these will recall with tears of anguish the protectors whom they have lost, as they find themselves plunged into that sea of misery from which the hand of England rescued their forefathers. There have never wanted tongues to defame the honour of the English Flag, either then, when it first became in India the symbol of our paramount power, or since, during our long course of glorious labour, or now when, like cowards and dotards, we are flinging all those who trusted in us to the wolves. Yet it remains true that, save for that briefest period already mentioned, and terminated by Clive, England has continued in her dealings with India loyal to her own ideals.

But against the tide of ceaseless slander for ever issuing from the lips of England's enemies one crushing answer at least can be presented. That is the vast increase, under her ægis, of the population of Hindustan. Against epidemics, as against external and internal foes, the rule of England has been the barrier and the defence. She has penetrated India with her railways and her roads. She has bridged the rivers and irrigated the plains. She

has tended the growth of forests. She has made the enormous improvement of transport a weapon against famine. By all these and by many other means she has guarded that growth of population—and it is there to-day as the witness to her deeds. Let the decriers of her work get rid of that evidence if they can.

Thus to attempt to obtain some faint idea of the labours accomplished and the triumph won by English administration of the Indian Empire is a necessity if we would understand the full criminality of the changes now in process towards completion. Let it be borne in mind that this work of England's has been wrought by some of the noblest of her sons, by men of the sword and men of the tribunal, of whom many have been unsurpassed in this world's annals in valour, in devotion to duty, in the sense of justice, and in other qualities which are as the flowers giving grace to the character of man. To write a list of all those who have earned such praise would be to fill these pages with names and still to leave hundreds worthy of it without mention. Sir Charles Napier, Outram, the Lawrences, Havelock, Sir Bartle Frere are amongst those whom everyone will call to mind, but beyond these are a host of others, soldiers and administrators, noble servants of England and rulers of men, to whom also is justly due the gratitude alike of their countrymen and of those Indian masses who have habitually styled them "protectors of the poor."

Now, as in the biblical story the plague of Egyptian darkness blotted out the sun, so all the fruits of this heroic toil are withering before our eyes in deference to that democratic theory of which the extravagant development is plainly threatening this country with bankruptcy and its population with starvation. Our action might be likened to that of a leper who should say, "Why should I be cursed with this disease, while you are free from it? You shall have it, too." Yet as, of two men so infected, one may display the results of the malady far more quickly than the other, so is it in the cases of India and of England. With us, ruin and subsidence advance slowly to their destined end. A vigorous effort from within will save us yet. In India, the democratic farce, though but just implanted in the land, has already gone far to destroy

order, to blast justice, to reinstate corruption, and to pour contempt upon the English name.

Let any who wish to acquaint themselves with the facts of the situation read the article which appeared in March last in *The Fortnightly Review*, by Sir Michael O'Dwyer, who, after long previous Indian experience, was Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab from 1913 to 1918. Writing obviously with studied restraint, he yet tells us that within the last four years "there has been more bloodshed, rebellion and loss of life and property than in the preceding sixty. . . . So far from India making any real progress towards unity and nationhood, she has never, since British rule was established, been so torn asunder by faction as to-day, after three years of the Reforms. As British power becomes weaker, India relapses into anarchy." These "Reforms" are represented in the mouths of English politicians as so much democratic balm spread over India by the advancing moral code of England. Their actual effect may be gathered from the resolution passed in November, 1921, by the "Reformed" Council of the Central Provinces, by which the four million "outcastes" in that area are denied "access to drinking water and reservoirs built at the public expense." The number of such pariahs, or outcastes, in the Indian Empire is fifty-five millions, and the imagination recoils from the attempt to grasp the amount of misery, agony and humiliation to which we have irretrievably doomed this prodigious multitude of human beings, unless the roused conscience of England compel the rescission of the Government of India Act of 1919.

This was the Act passed at the instance of Mr. Montagu, Secretary of State for India in the Coalition Cabinet controlled by Mr. Lloyd George. It initiated a policy of surrender and betrayal of trust which, for fatuity and criminal folly operating on a gigantic scale, may be said without exaggeration to have had no known parallel in the previous history of the world. If ever a nation was bound to discharge administrative duties towards an immense mass of mankind, England was so bound towards the many peoples of India. Ninety per cent. of them are peasants cultivating the soil, admittedly devoid entirely of the qualities or the desires requisite for political action or

the exercise of a franchise. Their real needs are justice and security, and in substance and effect this act of shame is calculated to destroy both. For by it, in the great provinces into which India is divided, an amorphous thing called a "dyarchy" was created. Dual rule was to be established, pending the happy moment when English administration should finally cease and that of high-caste tyrants should take its place. Not more than a tiny fraction of the population were, or could be, endowed with a vote (and of these, again, only a lesser fraction used it), but by them Provincial Councils and an All-Indian Assembly were to be elected with power to appoint Ministers exercising authority subject to be overruled, in the event of great necessity, by the English Governors.

No system more utterly unintelligible to the mind of the Indian masses could have been devised by the subtlest contrivance of the most artful brain. And the glorious goal to attain which this insanely conceived machinery was instituted was to be the arrival of India at the full status of Dominion self-government. Why not? Was not Canada a Dominion, and Australia, and New Zealand, and South Africa? Had they not all nobly come to aid the cause of England, which they felt to be their cause also, in the Great War? Why not, then, confer equal autonomy upon India? Perhaps no reasoning more absolutely absurd or more transparently fallacious than this has ever been known. The nations inhabiting the Dominions named are, in the cases of Canada and South Africa mainly, and in those of Australia and New Zealand almost wholly, of our race and our blood. They are our brethren. To them Britain is truly the "Mother Country." And let it be remembered that the difference between those who stood in this relationship to us and those who did not was made painfully apparent during the war itself. The French of Canada would not volunteer. Some of the Dutch at the Cape rose in rebellion. Are not these facts significant? But in blood, in race, in language, and in creeds the peoples of India are entirely alien to us. The tie which has bound them to us has indeed been strong, for it has been that due to the priceless gifts of peace, of justice, and of safety which the administration of strong, fearless, and incorruptible Englishmen

has bestowed upon them. Also, beyond these incomparable benefits from within, the Navy and the Army of England have granted India immunity against invasion from without. Well might the reigning princes of the feudatory States give allegiance to the King-Emperor whose sovereignty represented the might of the British Râj.

But now all is changed. The very purpose of the Act is to substitute native for English administrators; that is, in actuality, men usually intent on making money illicitly for men of stern and stainless integrity. No longer will all be equal before the law. To the high-caste Brahmin such equality is monstrous and grotesque. And as the English administrators fade away, so vanishes also the shield of the poor. Those administrators are going fast. Infamously treated on the financial side, and exposed—if they dare to do their duty in repressing lawlessness and punishing sedition—to rebuke and penalty by what is left of the British Government in Hindustan, they have every inducement to depart and few to remain. Moreover, what young Englishman of the sort from which sahibs are made will care in future to pursue his career under native superiors and to watch these practising corruption and injustice which he is powerless to prevent? "We rule until we die," were the words assigned by Newbolt to Nicholson in his unforgettable poem, and they live still in the souls of some Englishmen. "We scuttle as soon as we can" is the motto of our modern politicians.

Thus, then, with British administration killed, or dying, a great part of the bond uniting us to India is already cut. What remains—and while it remains it is much—is the power of the English army, some sixty thousand strong, and of the still English-led native forces in our pay, to guard the north-west frontier against attack, and to protect the unwarlike portions of the population from conquest and spoliation by the fighting races. "What would you do if we withdrew our bayonets from India?" asked an Anglo-Indian once of the ruler of a great native State, whose guest he was. "Do?" was the reply, "why, mobilise my army, and in three months there would not be a two-anna piece, or a virgin, in the whole of Bengal." During the debate in the House of Lords on the Govern-

ment of India Bill, two Indian princes, both ruling potentates, but one of much larger sway than the other, sat in the gallery listening to it, with between them an English officer, a stranger to each, who knew their language. Said the greater prince to the lesser, while leaning across the intervener, "As soon as the English are gone, I shall bring my troops and cut the throats of you and all your people." "Yes, I know you will," was the answer.

Thus, so long as our geniuses in authority at home suffer the English troops to stay in the Indian Empire, the full hurricane of horrors which the Act of 1919 is calculated to let loose may not burst on the new Dominion. Though the Punjab is already falling into anarchy; though respect for the English Râj is almost dead; though corruption is already rampant; though law and order are swiftly decaying; though the Indian Government could not even prevent frequent riots, boycotting, and ceaseless insults levelled at England during the visit of the Prince of Wales, still the final cataclysm, the complete catastrophe of about three hundred and fifty millions of the human race may perhaps be delayed until the last battalion of English troops steams off for home. Then, indeed, scenes will be witnessed such as in recent centuries the world has not often known, and the hundreds of millions of humble peasant cultivators will perish in vast multitudes from rapine and want. To imagine that India, when she has thus attained full "Dominion status," will continue to be a part of the British Empire is a dream so wild as to be incapable of conception, save by a politician. Doubtless amongst the Bengali Babûs and the sedition-mongers who clamour for our disappearance there are some who realise that the instant we go their own throats will be cut. The martial races can neither make speeches nor pass examinations—but they can fight. The vision which the congress wallah probably sees is that of an India wholly purged of English rule, but still garrisoned by English troops who, while he plunders and oppresses, shall bear the brunt of all animosity and save him from his natural fate of being flayed alive. But that vision at least will never become fact. Never will England consent to let her soldiery be made a mere automatic instrument to buttress cruelty and wrong.

What the average Englishman will want to know is whether all these consequences of the Act of 1919 can be prevented. Not, if the Act continue in force. Yes, if it be rescinded. The absolute rescission of that Act is the step which every consideration of honour, of duty, and of humanity imposes upon us, and to secure such rescission should be the desire of every God-fearing man and woman in this country. The politicians will tell you with one voice that to repeal that Act is an impossibility; but it is impossible only because they make it so. If we could suppose that a Cromwell had arisen in England and had taken charge of the helm of the State, does anyone imagine that he would hesitate for a moment to adopt the measures necessary to restore British authority in Hindustan and to maintain order while that restoration was being effected? He would recall Lord Reading. He would replace him by an English soldier or administrator in whom still lived the spirit of Nicholson's words. Thank God, it would not be difficult to find such a man. And he would inform India that the Act of 1919 had been proved to be a dire mistake, that it was repealed, and that the leaders of any agitation for its continuance would be shot. He would proclaim martial law for a short period, and during that period would shut down the vernacular Press. What would follow? The "politically minded" class would be bitterly offended, but that class numbers about one hundred and eighty thousand out of the three hundred and fifty millions. Some few riots there might be, and some attempts at assassination; but a resolute English Government of the old stamp would know well how to deal with those. The loss of life incidental to this course would be as a fleabite compared with the Black Death of the fourteenth century, when set against that inevitably following the policy which we are actually carrying out.

It is for whatever is left in England of strength and intelligence and patriotism to say whether our country shall redeem herself, even at this, the eleventh, hour from the infamy which is being brought upon us. We stand, as it were, at the gates of betrayal, and, if we would save ourselves from final shame, our action must be swift, strong, and decisive.

The Scandal of Uncompensated Damage by Enemy Action

By the Hon. Esmond Harmsworth
(*M.P. for the Isle of Thanet Division of Kent*)

One of the most terrible and unexpected features of the Great War was Germany's deliberate campaign against non-combatants. Pursuing Bismarck's savage threat to leave the people "nothing but their eyes to weep with," it was the aim of Germany to break down the resistance of her enemies by destroying the *moral* of the civilian population. Barbarous air raids on open towns, the sinking without warning of unarmed ships, and the terrorisation of inhabitants in occupied territories, were the methods of carrying out this aim. Public opinion at that time demanded, and still demands, that Germany should make reparation to the unhappy victims of this inhuman policy.

To fulfil the claims of these sufferers was not, however, at the Peace Conference made a specific obligation to be undertaken by Germany. The need of such fulfilment was only included as part of the bill presented by the various Allies to Germany. This was a mistake for which claimants have paid dearly in the intervening years. Germany has defaulted, but at intervals she has paid small sums which have been devoted not to the individual victims of her "frightfulness," but towards the expenses of the armies of occupation. Nowhere have there been more tragic consequences of Germany's failure to pay than in the continued destitution of the victims of her air raids and submarine murders.

In Great Britain these poor people have put their faith in the promise of various Governments to stand by them. Their claims formed part of the British Government's bill. It is true that a squeamish Ministry insisted that those just demands were only moral claims and declined to admit any responsibility in the matter, but the Coalition Cabinet

was at that time firm in its demand that Germany should pay the full amount. Hope was inspired in the breasts of the sufferers that their injuries would be redressed in so far as financial compensation could redress them. Forms appeared, were filled up and cancelled. New forms were issued, and still more forms. In the first forms particulars were required as to "financial loss," and in some cases "the losses of lodging house proprietors" were particularly mentioned. These references disappeared from the later forms.

Various utterances were made on the subject which it is impossible to quote now, but on May 4th, 1920, the then Chancellor of the Exchequer announced that, pending the payment of reparations by Germany, His Majesty's Government would advance five million pounds to be distributed among individual claimants. A Royal Commission was duly appointed to allocate this sum, and set to work in August, 1920, to pass judgment on the fifty thousand claims which had been submitted to the Reparation Claims Department. The Government derived more advantage than it bestowed by this arrangement, since by turning the matter over to a judicial body it prevented any criticism of itself or its agents. But the workings of this Commission were "wropt in myst'ry." Some claims were admitted, some were partially admitted, others were rejected altogether, but to this day unsuccessful claimants have no idea why their claims were rejected, since a judicial body furnishes no explanations.

The Royal Commission still continues its labours, having issued two reports, in January, 1923, and January, 1924, as the result of which certain payments have been made.

I make no reflection on the promptitude with which its business has been dispatched; I merely observe that such an arduous task should never have been committed to a Royal Commission. We gather from the reports that the main burden of the work fell upon the Reparation Claims Department of the Board of Trade, and it is clear now that this Department with legal help should have been wholly and entirely responsible for the undertaking. The Ministry of Pensions pays pensions as it works; individual ex-soldiers do not have to wait until all the claims of all

disabled ex-soldiers are examined before they receive their individual pensions. The Ministry of Pensions is not lifted high above criticism; it explains its decisions. It even condescends to see and argue with claimants. The work of awarding compensation for enemy raid damage should have been done by an accessible Government Department, just as the work of awarding soldiers' pensions is done.

Could anything more cruel have been devised than to keep the victims of German inhumanity waiting five and a half years to learn without a word of explanation that they are to receive little or nothing? For it may be said, with perfect fairness to the Royal Commission, that claimants have received either nothing or only a proportion of their just claims. And, more terrible still, they are never to receive anything more. Awards are *in final settlement.* The Commission, in my opinion, have been led into grave confusion. Set up originally to dispense a sum of five million pounds on account, they found that they could not limit their findings to that sum. Their total findings (still, I claim, "on account") amount at present to £7,223,360. There are, therefore, three sums in question: (1) The five millions to which the Coalition hoped to confine the findings "on account" of the Commission; (2) £7,223,360, the sum to which the Commission's findings "on account" actually amounted; (3) the at present unassessed sum which Germany is to pay when she pays the general reparation bill.

What has happened is that the Commission have confused (2) and (3). In one of the stock communications which are issued in lieu of explanation, the Department points out that a certain sum, say £9, is in final settlement of an individual claim. The communication goes on to point out that the sum of five million pounds "is a relatively small sum compared with the total of the damage sustained," but that the "Commission have dealt with all claims as equitably as possible, having regard to the limited nature of the fund at their disposal." Is it not obvious, therefore, that, if the fund had been larger, the Commission's recommendations would have been more generous? And may we not claim that as the five million pounds is so much smaller than the total of the damage sustained,

claimants are entitled to a share in just such a larger fund some day? Some of us hope that Germany will be made to pay the reparations out of which that larger fund should be made available; but if our Government is weak enough to remit the German debt, then it should shoulder the German responsibility to the individual victims of German brutality. Sufferers from enemy action have not merely a claim, but a right to compensation.

The course of which I advocate the immediate adoption is as follows:—

Firstly, set aside a further sum which will enable the Commission's findings "on account" to be paid in full and dispose of the confusion brought about by the five million pounds figure. I would point out that this is not an unreasonable demand, seeing that the total sums set aside from the beginning would not exceed eight million pounds, whereas the Government made nearly eleven million pounds profit out of these same sufferers in air raid insurance during the war, and paid that sum into the Exchequer.

Secondly, entrust the Reparation Claims Department with the task of assessing the ultimate claims of sufferers upon Germany.

Thirdly, give claimants a real opportunity to state their case and adduce evidence. When an award is made, let it be notified to a claimant and make the Government Department give its reasons.

There are innumerable points in connection with the question on which I have had no room to touch. There are innumerable instances which I might have cited to illustrate the inadequacy of the findings; among them the owner of a torpedoed smack whose claim was written down from £1,200 to £51; the widow of an engineer killed in that dastardly crime, the sinking of the hospital ship *Llandovery Castle*, who received £90 for herself and two small sons in full and final settlement; the mother who was not even allowed the funeral expenses of her little son killed in an air raid.

There is, however, one class of sufferers whose case I would urge in concluding my observations. The claims of lodging-house proprietors in those areas which were in the line of German attacks upon this country, or were especially

selected by the perpetrators of German frightfulness, have been rejected without exception; and yet these people were among the worst victims of Germany's calculated brutality. Thanet, the constituency which I represent, was practically in the war area. Enemy aircraft used to make for the North Foreland on their way to bomb London; they let fall a first instalment of bombs on Ramsgate and Broadstairs as they passed. When they were driven off from London they returned along the south bank of the Thames estuary and dropped the remainder of their cargo on the last strip of English soil over which they passed. That was Thanet.

The consequence was that no visitors would go into this exposed district and the towns were ruined. Many lodging-house proprietors went bankrupt and have disappeared; others subsisted on loans which they have still no hope of redeeming. The population was very largely depleted. This was surely a direct consequence of enemy action, and not a " condition arising out of a state of war."

The moral obligation of compensating these people was recognised at the time by the Government, and the first claim forms which were circulated called for particulars of losses of lodging-house proprietors. The Dominions made a grant which was distributed in necessarily small proportions, and everybody imagined that the British Government would follow suit.

Nothing occurred, however, and the claims of lodging-house proprietors were eventually referred, together with all the other claims, to the Royal Commission. As their claims were not considered among the most urgent, they were reserved until the last. Now the Commission has decided, and decided against them.

If these people were to receive nothing—and in spite of the emphasis upon " moral " claims, they seem to have been judged with hair-splitting legal thoroughness—they should have been disillusioned at once. Nothing in the whole story is more pitiable than the case of these poor people kept waiting for five and a half years to receive nothing at all.

The Coming South African Cricket Team

By A. C. Russell

CRICKET has become an Empire asset. This summer South Africa; the next, New Zealand; the following year, Australia; and Canada, India, and the West Indies are asking for tours. The demand is owing largely to the British Public Schoolboy settling in these lands.

Sport is a great leveller, but there was a tremendous outcry when Lord Harris, then Governor of Bombay, inaugurated, during his term of office, matches with the Parsees, Hindus, and others on equal terms. Now, every year, teams representing all these meet in a tournament and the games are attended by thousands. Men like the Maharajah of Patiala, and the ever popular "Ranji," with many others have spent small fortunes in engaging our leading professionals to coach, and with the most satisfactory results. There are many difficulties in the way of first-class cricket in the country. Long journeys have to be made, and one on a South African railway is a thing to be avoided. Then there is trouble in obtaining leave for the players, though this is generally given with a good grace.

South Africa sent her first team here a score of years ago, and this is the sixth. The giants of former days were the Tancreds, the Bissetts, J. H. Sinclair, P. W. Sherwell, G. A. Faulkner, Gordon White, E. A. Halliwell, J. J. Kotze, Arthur Vogler, Frank Mitchell, and R. Schwarz.

It will not be forgotten that we have been beaten more than once in Africa, but at home the record is a different one. In all, thirty-four matches have been played, of which twenty-one have been won by England, eight by South Africa, and five drawn. The tourists play on matting wickets stretched over hard ground or sandy soil, for there is only one place where they can play on turf, and

that is at Newlands, Cape Town. Even there the actual wicket is stretched over grass, but the outfield is much the same as here. Thus most of the side will have a new, and maybe, a trying experience.

When the writer was out there some twelve months ago, the matting wickets seemed somewhat strange both to some of his fellow players of the English side and himself. Here the reverse may well be the case for the visitors.

The players chosen are H. W. Taylor (captain), A. D. Nourse, J. M. Blanckenberg, C. P. Carter, all of Natal; H. G. Deane, M. J. Susskind, E. P. Nupen, C. D. Dixon, T. A. Ward, from the Transvaal; M. Commaille and P. A. M. Hands, of the Western Province; R. H. Catterall, of Rhodesia; G. Bissett, of Griqualand West; and George Hearne from the South West.

It is a very strong side indeed, though the absence of W. J. Zulch, one of the three great bats in the country, is a loss. Five of the selected have batting averages of over fifty per innings last season.

Of the above, Taylor, Nourse, Susskind, and Carter know what English wickets are like, and the first-named is the very best batsman South Africa has produced. Against the Australians and ourselves he accomplished many fine performances. His individual efforts very nearly secured them the rubber. In the first Test he played an innings that not only won the match for his side, but convinced us that he was a genius, and he simply took charge of the game as W. G. Grace, Victor Trumper, and C. B. Fry used to in the past. The man was an artist. Many times did he thrill us with delight. In vain did our bowlers—Kennedy, A. E. Gilligan, P. Fender, and Jupp—try all they knew, but the Natal man was their master. During this present season at home—for they play there in our winter—he was taken off the field and underwent an operation for appendicitis, but he has completely recovered. As a leader he will rank with the famous international captains: the kindly and lovable F. T. Mann, the astute P. F. Warner, the untiring and lion-hearted J. W. H. T. Douglas, the brainy, dour, and determined M. A. Noble, or the plucky and inspiring P. W. Sherwell. The visiting skipper will have a loyal set of comrades and will get the best out of them.

A. D. Nourse, who has scored many hundreds of runs, has the biggest pair of hands of any man I have seen. They are veritable "carpet bags." He is a native of Croydon, in Surrey, but has lived for years at the Cape, and is playing as well as ever. As a batsman he is most consistent and, though forty-six, will leave his mark on the tour. He is very reserved and one of the world's popular players. He is a wonderful field and a useful bowler. A good judge has predicted some seasons' work before he retires. He has now scored over 2,000 runs in the best matches and taken a hundred wickets—the first man to do the "double" in South Africa. Blanckenberg is the most skilful man with the ball. He is over six feet high, bowls right hand medium pace, and, if the pitch suits him, he can be really dangerous. He can spin the ball both ways and conceals his break very cleverly. He may get several victims leg-before-wicket. And he has developed into a great hitter with huge driving power, and can adapt himself to any conditions. With Nourse, he is considered by many the best all-rounder in Africa to-day.

Claude Carter, now a veteran, had been a most consistent and useful bowler at home for years. It was thought that he had retired, but when the bowlers were scarce he turned out against the Australians and was most successful. He is a far better left-hander than when he was here a dozen years ago.

From the Transvaal are half-a-dozen good and true players. E. P. Nupen is only twenty-one. He bowls right hand medium pace, and has amazing confidence. He can turn off the ball both ways, and comes back from the off, which delivery is his best ball. He bowled very effectively indeed in the trial matches held in November and December, and took more wickets in one tournament game than anyone else. He lost his left eye and was shot through both knees in the recent rebellion, yet none the less he is a punishing batsman. His ability, confidence, and enthusiasm should make him a real asset. H. G. Deane is a sound defender and is a fine field in the country and at third man. He has been in good form lately. M. J. Susskind, who heads the batting averages in the season now closing, is the old University College, Cambridge, and Middlesex player. Like his former school

fellow, G. T. S. Stevens, he had a wonderful school career, and many consider him the best player in the Transvaal to-day. C. D. Dixon is a medium right hand bowler who tops the averages in the trial matches. T. A. Ward is the finest stumper to be found in the continent, while George Hearne is very useful in this department.

D. M. Meintjes is a fast medium right hand bowler who can swerve, and is very nasty with a new ball. He is a sure and a magnificent catch.

R. H. Catterall, of Rhodesia, is recognised as a player of the year; he is twenty-three, high class, and a fine first wicket batsman. He can bowl, and is a very fine field at third man and in the country. It was the English visit there that brought him out. In style he reminds one of R. A. Duff, the Australian, only he is taller. He should make many runs here.

M. Commaille and P. A. M. Hands, of the Western Province, are reliable and first-class batsmen, and might well be the opening pair. Hands was a Rhodes scholar at Oxford and obtained his blue for Rugby football. In November he hit over a century in ninety minutes. George Hearne (the son of Frank Hearne, of Kent, who went to the Cape thirty years ago) has an excellent defence. He has already played many fine innings and is a trier all the time. He should make his mark on our grounds.

A new comer is G. F. Bissett, of Griqualand West, whose bowling is said to be really fast. We did not see him but heard rumours of a player of promise. Although young, he has the physique of a big man, and while at school at Kimberley was coached by Astill and Bowley.

Mr. George Allsop has been appointed manager. He first came here exactly twenty years ago, and this is his fourth visit. He will have a warm welcome for his own sake.

The great want is a fast bowler. No real class speed merchant has been found since the days of J. J. Kotze.

The tourists start at Leicester the first Saturday in May, and as the earliest of five Test matches is not till six weeks later, they should have settled down. They play Scotland at Edinburgh and Glasgow. The first Test match is at Birmingham, and the other four Test games

are at Lord's in June, Leeds and Manchester in July, and at the Oval in August. They meet the Universities, play in Wales, oppose the leading counties, and finish up five months' hard work at Hastings and Scarborough Festivals.

They are a capital side and should certainly, in a favourable season, give a very good account of themselves. As to their chances in the International games, we must wait and see. Given a fine summer, the luck of the toss might well cause surprises. But all turns on the way they can accommodate themselves to turf wickets. They are a fine lot of sportsmen, but the Old Country ought to hold its own here at home.

The season just ending has shown that South Africa is much better off in class cricketers than was expected, but, like England, she is not so strong in bowling as she was.

At the Very Edge of Death

By Edward Carpenter

Out of this tangle of cross-purposes and misunderstandings which we call existence,
These unworthy suspicions, these malicious innuendos, these stifled revenges and hatreds which constitute human life,
O, at last to emerge, what joy! What gladness!
To leave it all behind!

As a perfume exhaled by bruised sweet herbs, or faint incense wafted from sun-smitten woodlands,
So even here, and at the very edge of Death
(What joy! What liberation!)
To hear the clarion-call, to breathe the divine aroma of another world!

The New Woman to the New Man

By J. St. Loe Strachey

["The Problem of Woman must be settled by men; for the last nine years they have had to shelve it owing to war and consequent exhaustion. It is time for men to give up convalescence and set their house in order; to save us from old women of both sexes; to give an exhibition of strength, not what the feeble-minded misunderstand as love."—Isobel M. Shaw in THE ENGLISH REVIEW, February, 1924.]

You ask too little and you talk too much.
Not by debate, but through some human touch
Are women won. Ah! Will you never know
The ills we bear, the joys we must forgo?
Have you no eyes to see for what we yearn,
Sigh through the night, and on the pillow turn?
Though we resent the tyrannies of lust,
We clasp the mandatory words "You must."
They save us whole from what we most abhor,
Those dread decisions between "less" and "more."
'Tis certainty for which we women crave,—
Something to cling to on a breaking wave,—
A Refuge, Safety, Peace, is our desire,—
Somewhere to light the sacrificial fire,
And pay the dues our secret gods require.
In Self-Negation's Holy Absolution
We find our solace from the dissolution
Of will and power, that racks the woman's mind,
When trembling she obeys the law of kind.

The Dome and the Crane

By L. de G. Sieveking

It was during the time when the new forty-storey buildings were being put up on what was once old Ludgate Hill. Now, of course, all trace of the old, huddled, tumble-down houses that formed Fleet Street and Ludgate Hill have entirely disappeared. In their place stand, as everyone knows, immense blocks of offices, which rear their magnificent proportions into the sky, some as many as fifty-two storeys in height. The street space between them is nearly three times as wide as the old Fleet Street of sixty years ago.

During the construction of these huge blocks the whole district was a mass of scaffolding, cranes, and iron girders.

All his life George Hunnybun had been in the building trade. He was once, in days that seemed to him a very long way off, a scrubby boy whose hands were always full of things that had to be thrown away. Bundles of dirty wallpaper which had been peeled off the walls of houses in process of demolition. Bits of wood, plaster, and broken brick . . . it used to irk him, for he was a boy with an energetic mind. It appeared to him that he was for ever engaged in *un*building when what he wanted to do was to *build*. He had a constructive impulse in those days, and found perpetual destruction both harassing and depressing.

But, as old Mr. Barton told him, he had to " be patient." One had to " clear up the muck " before the Doing began.

Then came a time when he scrambled recklessly about scaffolding, each day bringing a further delight of development. The walls rose off the foundations. The window-frames were set in—it used to tickle his sense of the ridiculous to see the window-frames when they were first put in their places.

" Perched-up like ! "

He used to stand precariously behind them on a narrow board and peep out.

"Like blinkin' scenery in a the-ater," he had said. "All windows and no bloomin' floor. We'd look silly giving a darnce in *this* room!" And he chuckled as he gazed down the hollow depths of the shell to where his fellows were going to and fro with hammers and hods of bricks. . . .

But that was all years ago. Now he had risen in more senses than one. He was in charge of the newest and largest crane in London. Up in his little iron cabin he used to stand and survey the panorama of streets and buildings and open spaces that stretched out far beneath him on every side. He would wonder about it all. One seemed to get an idea about things in general from up in this tiny crow's-nest such as one never had before, on the ground. George Hunnybun felt removed, remote.

"Hi! Geeeoorge!" came the voice of the foreman from somewhere on the scaffolding below, and he would heave the great lever over on its hinge. The vast length of the crane would slowly answer, bearing across the sky like the arm of a giant, dangling its chains. Away down there men hitched things to the hooks, and then:

"Hii! Round! . . . A'right!"

And he would pull the other lever. . . .

One morning (it was early in May, and the air was full of the subtle emotion of Spring) he mounted the long iron ladder which led to his cabin on the crane. His steps were not so brisk as usual, and his hands gripped one above the other—left hand, right hand (left foot, right foot)—in an almost hesitating fashion which showed all was not well inside George Hunnybun. Spring was come. Yes. He felt that right enough. But the fact was he was worried. He had been drawn unwillingly into a conversation on the evening before, and it had been the kind of conversation which always irritated him more than anything else. There had been four of them talking, a glazier, two builders, and a man who did not even pretend to work. The subject was the usual quasi-political cross-talk, with a flavour of cheap epigram and alleged confidential, unimpeachable information.

The other builder had annoyed Hunnybun the most,

because he would agree so vehemently with the man who didn't work. George Hunnybun felt that he ought to know better.

"When my father was a boy," said George, "in the 'nineties, they were still talking about this 'ere rev'lution. An' when 'is father was a boy they was talkin' about it. They bin talkin' like you 'ave for hundreds and hundreds of years, John Dewberry, but, thank God! they never got no further than talkin'."

Dewberry laughed scornfully.

"You an' me, Mr. Hunnybun, belong to the same union, don't we? We've the same object in view, ain't we? Wot's the use of havin' a trade union if you only *talk*?"

"'Ear, 'ear," said the other man approvingly.

"There ain't been a strike—that is, not wot you could rightly call a strike—for quite twenty year," mumbled the glazier in a melancholy voice.

"Because there's been no need," retorted the other with some heat. "And because fellows began to see that they did more harm than good . . . after a certain point. You and your talk of rev'lutions give me a pain, I tell you. What have you to revolt against, I'd like to know? Don't we get enough money? Do we have to work too hard? Don't we share in the profits? Ain't we got a Labour Government, which we put there ourselves? Now!"

"Yus," replied the other builder. "We 'ave. But where's their promises?"

"Aye! Where are they?" echoed the other two.

George Hunnybun stood up and put his hand on the table.

"Have you forgotten what happened in 1942? *You* ain't forgot it, John Dewberry, because you're too young. You don't remember it. But I'll tell yer. The Labour Government, which was then in power for the second time, tried to make the 'ole world new in one afternoon. That chap Chambers Crampton was the Premier. He was in that much of an 'urry he couldn't wait, but had to legislate for Capital Levies and Education Grants and State Controls and . . . and Gawd knows what all. . . . It was a terrible, terrible year! We was dying of starvation pretty

nearly in Tottenham, and in places like Manchester and Birmingham it was 'orrible!"

"Wot d'yer mean?"

"No capital, no credit, all gone *fooF!* like a soap bubble in the sun. . . . Stock Exchange went mad trying to realise stocks for the levy. . . . No work. . . ."

The man who didn't work spat aggressively on the floor.

"You don't under*stand* these things, 'Unnybun, you don't. You *got* to make a clean sweep and break these 'ere big men and their close-fisted ways. You don't follow what's going on."

"I know we were starving before they rescinded them Acts in a panic! And Chambers Crampton shot 'isself. I know. . . ."

"You don't know *nuffin*!" said the other. "You'll git a surprise one of these fine days. Somethin's goin' to 'appen. Somethin' Huge! T'riffic! Something that's goin' to knock all your blessed little ideas off the map! Ever 'eard of Martin Garlton?"

George Hunnybun had left the room abruptly.

Now, on the following morning he was climbing hundreds of feet up into the air, to the top of the iron ladder where his cabin and its levers were perched. As he climbed he mumbled to himself crossly.

"They silly fools," he said. "Silly, impatient, ignorant . . ." he couldn't find a suitable epithet. The gist of his thought was a great feeling of exasperation with "all that." With people who wanted to break things or to make a noise. With people who had never considered the case for *not* having a revolution—who knew nothing of the gradual secure steps forward which had made their slow effect lastingly felt during the past hundred and twenty years.

With an angry gesture and an undignified scramble he swung himself up into the cabin. He stood there leaning over the side, contemplating London and muttering. Here and there were great splashes of pale green. Gardens waking up again. Here and there lovely trees had pushed out their new pale leaves. Away beneath him was St. Paul's, looking oddly squat, with its bulbous dome, black against the touches of white and green round the cathedral

walls. Beyond it were the newly finished buildings towering up, overshadowing it altogether. George Hunnybun reflected absently that they were much too big, really . . . everything was getting too big. Buildings and ideas . . . and cranes . . . unmanageable. . . . How astonished the chap who built that cathedral would be if he could see the monsters that had grown up all round! Like as not *he* thought his cathedral was the biggest thing that could be done!

The Spring sun glinted on George Hunnybun's eyes so that he blinked.

"Hii! Geeeoorge!" floated up from among the scaffolding. But he didn't hear.

London looked a very wonderful place from up here, with its spires and wide streets and great curving river. He saw the bridges like threads across from bank to bank. He saw the cars streaming along the thoroughfares, and people . . . and people . . . and people! Like ants . . . millions of dots . . . *surging*. . . . And there were aeroplanes swooping down on to landing stages further off, beyond the river. Several passed close over his head.

"Hii! Geeeoorge! You up there?"

He stood there with his chin deep sunk on his clenched fists, eyes half open, with a fixed thoughtful expression. What a great splendid thing it was, this city! What a history it had! What a lot of work and thought and energy had gone to make it as he saw it, this Spring morning, beneath him.

It was very lonely and remote up here. One almost felt as if . . . as if . . .

Wonder if this is how Kings felt in old days when they stood upon a high place and told themselves that "all these fair cities, all these lands" were their own? Their own—to do with as they would. Theirs to make. Theirs to break.

Ah! George Hunnybun had never had anything like that. There was the little garden down Tottenham way. But he mightn't alter *that*. He rented it, and if anything happened, the landlord would want to know the reason why! An old resentment, long suppressed, rose to the surface of his mind. He had once wished very much to make an "ornamental water" in that little garden. But

they wouldn't let him. It would infringe upon . . . goodness only knew what it would not infringe upon.

But with this beautiful and far-stretching city, which went on and on as far as the eye could see in every direction . . .

("Hii! Wake up! Geeeoorge! Ooi!")

This was a throne, high up above the mob and all their turbulence and worries. High, high up, set in the sky, whence he could oversee their goings and comings and rule them with a fair and generous hand, with justice; yes, but also with firmness. All this wonderful place. . . . He waved his hand towards it with a grand and kingly gesture. Rivers, towers, streets, cars, men, women, churches, palaces, gardens! How good it was to know that, upon this clear, soft morning of high Spring, all these things were under his hand to do with as he pleased.

With a slow movement he raised himself and turned towards the levers. Standing to his full height he extended his hand towards one of them and grasped it. . . .

The great arm of the crane swung across the sky. What was that round bulbous thing down there, black and grim-looking with a—a something too small to distinguish standing upon the centre of it?

He would show them how terrible a King can be! He would give them a sign.

The chains of the crane, each link of which was nearly the size of a man, hung now directly above the squat round thing. The King pulled another lever and they grew longer, sliding over the immense double pulley. The gigantic hooks at the end of the chains hovered for a moment above the dome and then clattered down its sides followed by the gargantuan rattling of the chains.

"Ha!" exclaimed the King, as with a triumphant smile he pulled the lever back towards himself.

Far away below the hooks caught in the sides of the dome. There was a sudden jerk.

. . . . . .

On the eighth floor of one of the newly finished blocks in Fleet Street, Martin Garlton, that great leader of men, that autocrat who was known throughout a hundred and twenty-seven trade unions, and who had been feared by four successive governments, sat at a table. He was an

oldish man, with sparse, dingy hair, and a crumpled profile. Though with its mass of wrinkles and corrugations the impression was one of bloated and debauched old age, the eyes were a startling contradiction. They were not the eyes of an old man. Also they were not the eyes of a young man. They were ageless, with that subtle glow which comes from an almost inexhaustible store of vitality. But in them a thoughtful man might observe a queer look that came and went, that made people wonder if he had meant what he said. He smiled with his mouth, but his eyes did not smile. They had sometimes when he was talking that expression which the eyes of a man who is listening intently have when he is talking about something else.

Before Garlton lay a document. Beside his chair stood a youngish man holding a large piece of blotting-paper.

"Mr. Garlton," said the young man, "I am proud to be here at this moment. Proud! When you have signed that order, the news will go forth all through the country that the time has come at last . . . *at last*! That time for which we and our fathers have been working all these years."

Martin Garlton leaned back in his chair, his fountain pen poised. He smiled faintly, with his eyes fixed upon some distant thing.

"Yes, Roberts," he said, "when I have signed it that will be all. No government that has ever been, and very certainly not this Government, will be able to offer any opposition which will avail. The people will rise in their millions and, once for all, smash up their prisons, sever their chains, and put an end to the damnable system under which generation after generation of men and women have laboured and died in misery."

Garlton was unable to help talking like that. Even in private life the habit of half a century crept in, and his single hearer was subconsciously raised to the status of a public meeting.

The hand that held the fountain-pen came down on to the table and the nib rested on the paper.

"Before I sign my name, I want to be quite sure that I—both of us—fully realise how tremendous, how historic a moment this is. Just a few strokes of this pen, and the

old order vanishes for ever! God has indeed granted a mighty thing to me that I should be sitting here at this moment. For you well know, Roberts, that I have always been a God-fearing man . . . that I have looked towards Him each day of the long bitter years, knowing that He was leading me to this."

The young man nodded solemnly, and glanced anxiously at the clock. He thought of the representatives who were impatiently awaiting the final decision and signature. He made a little movement with the blotting-paper.

Once more the hand of the great leader brought the pen to the paper, and he slowly began to sign his name.

Something outside caught his eye.

From where he was sitting he could see St. Paul's. The Ball and the Cross were just above the level of his office window. Beyond the cathedral rose mountains of stone in whose façades glittered a myriad windows.

He had reached the second letter in his name when he stopped. The young man beside him looked up too from the paper to see what had made him pause.

Martin Garlton sprang to his feet and stared from the window incredulously. The two men stood side by side with mouths agape and eyes wide at the strange sight.

They saw the huge dark silhouette of the cathedral dome shatter into many pieces and go clattering down into the streets on either side, as though some great finger had flicked it over. They saw the Ball and the Cross tremble for an instant and then, bump! bump! crash! They fell together, over and over, down the remaining side of the dome on to the broad steps which led up to the cathedral door, where many people were passing to and fro.

With a wild gesture Garlton flung the pen from him into the corner of the room. Rushing to the table he seized the document with both hands and rent it in two.

"A sign!" he cried. "A sign from God! I have been stopped at the eleventh hour!" and he fell upon his knees and broke into incoherent weeping.

. . . . . .

As George Hunnybun heaved the lever over for the second time something snapped in his brain, and he, coming to himself, stared in amazement at the crane.

Holding on to the frail iron rails he watched helplessly as the hooks tore two great rents in the sides of the dome far below him, and as one of the hooks, coming away suddenly, caught the Ball and Cross full on with a terrific impact and sent it flying.

He stood there shaking and trembling, his face like a piece of paper, his eyes like blots of ink on the paper.

Someone was coming up his ladder! What was that they were shouting? What? Eh? Pandemonium! Everyone was shouting! What had he done? Destroyed the most beautiful thing in all London! *He!* George Hunnybun of all men! They must not catch him! No!

He gaped desperately over the rail into the dizzy depths below. He raised one leg—then sprang, caught the toe of his boot, twisted himself round in the air . . . parted from the rail—fell. . . . Down, down, down. . . . Ough! Figures ran in all directions and surrounded him.

If only that poor thing that had been George Hunnybun could have known that, when he seemed only to have made that hideous destruction, he had indeed done the most constructive deed of his life!

"The Dynasts" *

A Psychological Interpretation

By Agnes Stewart

We are now familiar with the idea that man's actions may spring from motives which are not immediately present in consciousness, but are buried so far in the unconscious that they can only be revealed by a special mechanism. Studies of nervous disease have shown that highly sensitive natures are frequently unable to adapt themselves to their environment—sometimes owing to arrested development through severe mental shock, sometimes owing to repression and wrong training in early life, and these nervous subjects take refuge from reality in phantasies and day-dreaming. Richard II. as conceived by Shakespeare is a convincing example of a character, placed in circumstances which are too strong for him, taking refuge from reality in the brilliant conceits of an uncurbed imagination. At the most critical moments of his life Richard is found paralysing his power for action by phantasy-weaving. To the brain specialist of to-day this would indicate the repression of unpleasant facts or difficulties into the unconscious, causing what is known as a split in the personality. This condition can be remedied by making the subject conscious of the conflict between instinct and reason, which is at the root of his problem in adaptation. He must do battle with his inertia and release his buried interest if he would reintegrate his personality and restore poise: otherwise he may mistake the fantastic for the real and pass into the ranks of the insane.

Such a struggle as is here indicated in the evolution of individuals is paralleled on a larger scale in the evolution of continents—in world evolution, and in *The Dynasts* Hardy has lifted ten years out of history and placed them

* *The Dynasts.* By Thomas Hardy.

by his poetic genius on a plane where they attain universal significance and may be studied as typical of those storm and stress periods through which humanity has had to travail, to more and more self-knowledge, in that striving after complete self-consciousness which seems its goal.

In the eighteenth century new powers were struggling fiercely for expression, and the focus of the struggle was in France. The Romanticism of Rousseau found many disciples, and there was a general clamour, often uninformed, for a return to Nature—in other words, for abandonment to irresponsibility. Dreams of a simple life were a pleasant anodyne to the problems of civilisation, at that moment demanding a solution which could result only from much painful thought. On the other hand, Voltaire, the representative of reason, had an impish delight in tearing off the veneers of culture and exposing man as a victim of primitive instinct. While the literary world showed this splitting into sections of those who praised instinct and those who worshipped reason, the parasitic Court, legacy of Louis XIV., was frankly dilettante. Such energy as it possessed was dissipated in a feverish endeavour to shut out all that was unpleasant and to ignore the seething underworld fumbling towards conscious expression, but as yet inarticulate. The severity of the shock which destroyed the balance in France reverberated through Europe, thrilling the liberators and horrifying those who could govern only through repression. The symptoms of strain had foretold a sharp, severe crisis, and whether the critical period would admit of rapid readjustment with a gain in self-consciousness, or would pass into temporary insanity and general loss in European advance, would depend upon the power of France to ride the crisis without developing an obsession. With the coronation of the Man of Destiny, the obsession of world empire developed and the careerings of France united Europe against her.

Hardy's epic-drama begins in 1805, when Napoleon is massing troops for the English invasion and urging Villeneuve to keep the Channel clear for the transport of those troops across the Straits of Dover. Then, as in a kaleidoscope, street scenes, camps, battles, coronation festivities, Parliamentary debates, Corunna or Moscow

retreats are flashed before us—scenes of brilliance or of horror carrying us from Spain to Russia, from Paris to Vienna or Berlin, until the curtain is rung down upon Napoleon's defeat at Waterloo, and, with the return of the Bourbons to France, the insanity has run its course.

In the introduction Hardy deals with the objections which may be raised to his use of the term "Drama" for a work which is not intended for presentation upon the stage. He further disclaims any intention of propounding a philosophy by identifying himself with the opinions expressed by the characters of his supernatural framework. He says:—

> These impersonated Abstractions or Intelligences, called spirits, are to be taken by the reader for what they may be worth as contrivances of the fancy merely. Their doctrines are but tentative, and are advanced with little eye to a systematised philosophy warranted to lift "the burden of the mystery" of this unintelligible world.

Here the reader may protest that he finds a philosophy in this framework which is often in harmony with the apparent determinism of the novels; while this same framework renders apology for the form unnecessary: as the scenes are unrolled the reader finds himself looking at them from the viewpoint of the supernatural critic and the movements become intensely dramatic.

The Shade of the Earth and the Spirit of the Years play important parts in this dream overworld. Around them are grouped the spirit and chorus ironic—the Spirit Sinister and the Pities—the latter a group of young spirits who grieve over the evils to which men are subjected and question why this suffering should be. The Shade of the Earth and the Spirit of the Years repeatedly explain that all are moved by an immanent will which works ever unconsciously. On several occasions the mechanism of the will is made visible and the actors are shown linked to this mechanism, which moves incessantly, yet unconsciously, producing effects which man imagines to be the result of deliberate choice. The only actor in the drama who is conscious of being moved by a cosmic power is Napoleon. To the Queen of Prussia he says:—

> Some force within me, baffling mine intent,
> Harries me onward whether I will or no.
> My star, my star is what's to blame—not I.

Upon which the Spirit of the Years makes the following comment:—

> He spoke thus at the Bridge of Lodi—Strange!
> He's of the few in Europe who discern
> The working of the Will.

And the Spirit of the Pities adds:—

> If that be so,
> Better for Europe lacked he such discerning.

The Spirits Ironic and Sinister are examples of projection. Hardy throws all his impatience and dread of inexplicable human suffering into the form of irony and seeks relief in those caustic remarks which shrivel the futile wailings of the Pities. Occasionally the Sinister Spirit mocks as if some evil genius were revelling in the spectacle of human misery, and we are reminded of the closing sentence in *Tess*.

The drama is divided into three parts, the first two having six acts and the third part seven. The acts are subdivided into scenes, through which the action is presented with that scrupulous attention to detail which suggests the historian rather than the dramatist. The transition from scene to scene is so skilfully made and the link between the natural and supernatural world so cleverly preserved by use of a spirit of rumour that, in spite of the detail, there are no blurred effects: the work moves rapidly from point to point with perfect artistry, and the feeling of unity is sustained throughout. The main action is expressed in dignified blank verse, noticeably free from ornament, yet stately to the verge of stiffness; where a certain harshness creeps in through an awkward turn of phrase it is in harmony with the catastrophe of the moment. Choruses of aerial music are used by the spirits as they comment on the action, events are sometimes foreshadowed by the rumours chanting in antiphons, and sailors or peasants break into song reminiscent of Gilbertian opera. Hardy drops too easily into irony to be at his best in the lyrical vein, yet he contrives to give some very fine lines to the Pities, particularly towards the end of the play. By means of street scenes, as at Nelson's funeral, or by semi-State functions—as a masked ball at the Prince Regent's house, or a visit to

the opera—the writer shows how the people in the several countries, and, in different grades of society, react to the great events: here the medium of expression is prose, terse, pithy, or vernacular as the occasion demands.

In Part I. the big events are the Battles of Trafalgar and Austerlitz, where England's great naval victory is balanced by Napoleon's defeat of Austria. The character of Villeneuve is subtly analysed to show how his evil fate is predestined by his temperament. When Villeneuve abandons the Channel scheme and takes refuge in Cadiz, Napoleon turns fiercely upon Admiral Décrès:—

> To help a friend, you foul a country's fame!

And Décrès replies:—

> True is it that this man has been my friend
> Since boyhood made us schoolmates; and I say
> That he would yield the heel-drops of his heart
> With joyful readiness this day, this hour,
> To do his country service. Yet no less
> Is it his drawback that he sees too far,
> And there are times, Sire, when a shorter sight
> Charms Fortune more. A certain sort of bravery
> Some people have—to wit, this same Lord Nelson,
> Which is but fatuous faith in one's own star . . .
> A headstrong blindness to contingencies
> Carries the actor on, and serves him well
> In some nice issues clearer sight would mar.
> Such eyeless bravery Villeneuve has not;
> But, Sire, he is no coward.

When the battle is over we find Villeneuve envying Lord Nelson.

> Illustrious foe
> And Teacher, Nelson; blest and over-blest
> In thy outgoing at the noon of strife.
> When Glory clasped thee round; while wayward Death
> Refused my coaxings for the like-time call.

He continues:—

> An emperor's chide is a command to die;
> Better, far better, no percipience here.

The Spirit of the Years says:—

> I'll speak; his mood is ripe for such a parle
> (Sending a voice into Villeneuve's ear):
> Thou dost divine the hour!
>
> VILLENEUVE:
>
> But those stern Nays!
> That heretofore were audible to me
> At each unhappy time I strove to pass.

SPIRIT OF THE YEARS:

Have been annulled. The will grants exit freely;
Yea, it says "Now." Therefore make now thy time.

And Villeneuve commits suicide.

At Nelson's death a chorus of the Pities, accompanied by aerial music, chants:

His thread was cut too slowly. When he fell
And bade his fame farewell,
He might have passed and shunned his long-drawn pain
Endured in vain, in vain.

The reply given to the Spirit of the Years bears the impress of the nineteenth century conception of mechanical evolution:—

The cognizance, ye mourn, Life's doom to feel
If I report it, meetly, came unmeant,
Emerging with blind gropes from impercipience
By listless sequence—luckless, tragic Chance
In your more human tongue.

King George will not consent to a coalition, and Pitt, worn out by the cares of State, sinks under the news of the defeat at Austerlitz. Then comment in a strain similar to that just quoted follows, and Part I. closes upon a note of pessimism. (Pitt sinks slowly into a stupor from which he never awakens.) Spirit of the Pities to Spirit of the Years:—

Do you intend to speak to him ere the close?

SPIRIT OF THE YEARS:

Nay, I have spoke too often! Time and time
When all Earth's light has lain on the nether side,
And yapping midnight winds have leapt on roofs
And raised for him an evil harlequinade
Of National disasters in long train
That tortured him with harrowing grimace
Have I communed with that intelligence.
Now I would leave him to pass out in peace
And seek the silence imperturbedly.

SPIRIT SINISTER:

Even Its official spirit can show ruth
At Man's fag end, when his destruction's sure!

SPIRIT OF THE YEARS:

It suits us ill to cavil each with each.
I might retort. I only say to thee
Its slaves we are: Its slaves must ever be!

CHORUS (*Aerial Music*):

Yea, from the Void we fetch like these
And tarry till That please

To null us by whose stress we emanate.
Our incorporeal sense,
Our over-seeings, our supernal state,
Our readings Why and Whence,
Are but the flower of Man's intelligence
And, that but an unreckoned incident
Of the all-urging Will, raptly magnipotent.

Part II. opens with attempts at peace on the part of Fox, and the substance of the parleyings is chanted by the Rumours in Antiphons. Peace is made impossible by Napoleon's decree: "That in no circumstance, on no pretence, a party to our pact can Russia be." And the Spirit of the Pities breaks out:—

Alas! what prayer will save the struggling lands
Whose lives are ninepins to these bowling hands?

Fox has scarcely time to recover from the shock of the rumour that France secretly with Russia plights her troth, when the Spirit of the Pities asks:—

But what strange figure, pale and noiseless, comes
Into the very closet and retreat of England's minister?

SPIRIT OF THE YEARS:

The Tipstaff he of the Will,
The many-masked, my good friend, Death.

Fox is removed from the stage while the Pities exclaim:—

Here then ends
My hope for Europe's reason—wrought repose!
He was a friend of peace: No substitute remains.

Napoleon's power and fame increase as he sweeps over Prussia, meets Alexander at Tilsit, and turns his attention to Spain. Before the coronation of Joseph Buonaparte the usurpation is discussed at a conversazione at Lady Salisbury's house in London.

SPIRIT OF THE YEARS:

O clarionists of human welterings,
Relate how Europe's madding movement brings
This easeful haunt into the path of palpitating things!

RUMOURS (*chanting*):

The Spanish King has bowed unto the Fate
Which bade him abdicate:
And Buonaparte has ruled that his and he
Henceforth displace the Bourbon dynasty.
The Spanish people handled, in such sort
As chattels of a Court,
Dream Dreams of England.

SPIRIT OF THE YEARS:

So the Will heaves through Space and moulds the times,
With mortals for its fingers. We shall see
Again men's passions, virtues, visions, crimes
Obey resistlessly
The purposive, unmotived, dominant Thing
Which sways in brooding dark their wayfaring!

The Prince of Wales, in conversation with Viscount Materosa, reports that a great debate upon Spanish affairs will take place in the House of Commons, and Lady Salisbury sums up.

At last then England will take her place in the forefront of this mortal struggle, and in pure disinterestedness fight with all her strength for European deliverance. God defend the right!

The stragglers and deserters on the way to Corunna lend themselves to the grim irony of Hardy's realistic treatment and provide a sordid background as a foil to the courage and devotion of Moore and his friends.

Shortly before Corunna, Napoleon says to Marshal Soult:

I move into Astorga; then turn back
(Though only in my person do I turn),
And leave to you the destinies of Spain.

SPIRIT OF THE YEARS:

More turning may be here than he designs. In this small, sudden, swift turn backwards he suggests one turning from his apogee!

By ingenious setting and dexterous scene-shifting we follow Napoleon into Austria and note the success which leads to his marriage with Marie Louise, while we are kept in touch with the movements in Spain, are made poignantly aware of the Walcheren failure, and are present when the Spirit of the Years prophesies:

Before five more have joined the shotten years
Whose useless films infest the foggy past,
Traced thick with teachings glimpsed unheedingly,
The rawest dynast of the group concerned
Will, for the good or ill of mute mankind,
Down topple to the dust like soldier Saul,
And Europe's mouldy-minded oligarchs
Be propped anew.

Although the Spirit of the Years remains uncompromising in his pessimism, there is an unexpected gleam

of hope at the end of Part II. when a chorus of the Pities exclaims:

> Yet It may wake and understand
> Ere Earth unshapes, know all things and
> With knowledge use a painless hand,
> A painless hand!

The first scene of Part III. shows us Napoleon and his Grand Army on the banks of the Niemen preparing to cross into Russia; in the words of the leader,

> To bear War into her great gaunt land
> And spread our glory there as otherwhere.

The Russian Emperor's counter-proclamation is borne on the wind, and concludes:

> Ranksmen! Officers!
> You fend your lives, your land, your liberty!
> I am with you. Heaven frowns on the aggressor.

The Spirit Ironic aptly remarks:

> Ha! Liberty is quaint and pleases me
> Sounding from such a soil.

The malignant fate which now pursues Napoleon seems to stimulate Hardy's genius; and as disaster follows disaster, the sight of inevitable catastrophe confronted by human endurance calls forth the very spirit of tragedy and makes us forget the play of the will.

On the retreat from Moscow through Lithuania we see the Grand Army creep slowly as a caterpillar, "leaving on the ground minute particles of itself which are speedily flaked over and remain as white pimples by the wayside." We are told by the Spirit of the Pities:

> These atoms that drop off are snuffed out souls
> Who are enghosted by the caressing snow.

Before we can recover from our pain we have before us in dumb show the horrors of the Beresina crossing, where, under the discharge of the Russian guns and the weight of traffic, the bridge for the artillery gives way and the throngs upon it roll shrieking into the stream and are drowned. In the scene which immediately follows men sob or go mad when they learn that their leader has deserted them and hurried towards Paris; and the episode closes sardonically in anti-climax, throwing into relief the

cynicism of Napoleon, who, after discussing with Marie Louise his plans for a new army, says:

> And I intend
> Also to gild the dome of the Invalides
> In best gold leaf and on a novel pattern.
>
> MARIE LOUISE:
>
> To gild the dome, dear? Why?
>
> NAPOLEON:
>
> To give them something
> To think about. They'll take to it like children
> And argue in the cafés, right and left
> On its artistic points. So they'll forget
> The woes of Moscow.

The woes of Moscow may be forgotten, but it is not easy to replace the losses of Moscow; and the Russian *débâcle* unites the reigning monarchs, including the Austrian father-in-law, against Napoleon. At Leipsig there is a partial success, but a semi-chorus of Rumour remarks:

> For France and him
> Half-won is losing.

And the chorus replies:

> Yea, his hopes drop dim
> Since nothing less than victory to-day
> Had served a cause whose ruin is delay.

The story of Waterloo, including Ligny and Quatre Bras, is worked out in great detail and is intensely thrilling. A Recording Angel, the Rumours and other spirits recite and comment in such a way that we follow the vicissitudes of the fateful hours as if we were actual spectators. On the eve of Waterloo the French soldiers lie down at Mount Saint Jean in the dripping green wheat and rye while the English soldiers are huddled together on the ploughed ground in their wet blankets. This pause gives Hardy an opportunity to reveal his acute sense of the unity of life as he makes a Chorus of the Years show the sinister influence of man's strife upon the lower world.

> The mole's tunnelled chambers are crushed by wheels;
> The lark's eggs scattered, their owners fled,
> And the hedgehog's household the sapper unseals.
> Trodden and bruised to a miry tomb
> Are ears that have greened but will never be gold
> And flowers in the bud that will never bloom.

When Ney makes his famous cavalry charge we hear the Spirit of the Pities:

> Behold the gorgeous coming of those horse
> Accoutred in kaleidoscopic hues
> That would persuade us war has beauty in it.
> Discern the troopers' mien: each with the air
> Of one who is himself a tragedy.
> The cuirassiers steeled, mirroring the day;
> Red lancers, green chasseurs: behind the blue
> The red: the red before the green:
> A lingering on till late in Christendom
> Of the barbaric trick to terrorize
> The foe by aspect.

Pater has said that "All art constantly aspires towards the condition of music," and truly this part of the drama suggests a brilliantly scored piece of orchestral music. Distant rumblings of cannon break through the strains of the Copenhagen Waltz, played by the violins. Horns and other wind instruments sound the alarm, and dancing stops abruptly as "A long-drawn metallic purl of sound echoes through the ballroom and the long roll of the side-drums is taken up by the other drums, further and further away." Phrases of a *danse macabre* call attention to a spectral figure pirouetting from the ballroom in front of Brunswick and others, doomed to fall in the approaching battle, while strident brasses suggest the confusion of troops hurrying to obey the unexpected call. The violins strike up a lively country dance, "The Prime of Life"; but once more dancing is interrupted by long, hollow, rolling notes, becomes fitful and spiritless, and the dance tune is smothered in the plaintive music of farewell. Martial strains predominate as the soldiers march out from Brussels to the tune of "The Girl I Left Behind Me," or, for the Highland regiments, "Hieland Laddie." There is a general slackening and lull as the troops recede from the city; but with a harsh clangour of brass comes, *accelerando*, and every instrument finds a place in the score as the thunder of the guns, the neighing of horses, the shrieks and groans of the wounded and dying are worked into one bewildering *scherzo*, with Wagnerian discords, recalling at one moment a mad Valkyrie ride, or again suggestive of a planet in dissolution.

The carnage becomes so dreadful that the Spirit of the Pities asks:

> **Is this the last Esdraelon of a moil**
> **For mortal man's effacement?**

To which the Spirit Ironic replies:

> **Warfare mere**
> **Plied by the managed for the managers,**
> **To wit by frenzied folk who profit nought**
> **For those who profit all!**

Napoleon makes a last attempt to rally his forces, and, failing, exclaims: "They are crushed! So it has ever been since Crecy!"

As he mounts a horse to ride off, the Spirit of Rumour remarks:—

> **He loses his last chance of dying well.**

We catch a final glimpse of him in the wood of Bossu, where he is stung by spectral questionings, and is dismissed in these words by the Spirit of the Years:—

> **Worthless these kneadings of thy narrow thought,**
> **Napoleon! gone thy opportunity!**
> **Such men as thee, who wade across the world**
> **To make an epoch, bless, confuse, appal,**
> **Are in the elemental ages chart**
> **Like meanest insects on obscurest leaves—**
> **But incidents and grooves of Earth's unfolding.**

The final scene takes place in the overworld where the Spirit of the Pities protests to the Spirit of the Years:

> **Thou arguest still the inadvertent mind;**
> **But, even so, shall blankness be for aye?**
> **Men gained cognition with the flux of time;**
> **And wherefore not the force informing them?**

To which the Spirit of the Years replies with a question:

> **What would'st have hoped and had the will to be?**

This gives the Pities an opportunity to praise:

> **The alone whose means the end shall justify.**

Although to the Years "such quiring is scarce consistent with our spectacle," the last word is given to the Pities, and the note of hope, sounded at the end of

Part II., swells into a prophetic chorus, which closes the drama with a vision of Life as an "Eternal Becoming":

> But—a stirring thrills the air
> Like to sounds of joyance there
> That the rages
> Of the ages
> Shall be cancelled, and deliverance offered from the darts that were
> Consciousness the will informing, till it fashion all things fair.

Although, in the early stages of the drama, Hardy insists upon "an arch-determinator who neither good nor evil knows," the characters of the play are never mere puppets: they invariably act as if they had freedom of choice. The epic hero, Napoleon, posing as the Man of Destiny, really owed his success as a liberator to his identification of himself with the controlling power which Hardy, in a flash of inspiration, describes as:

> A will that wills above the will of each;
> Yet, but the will of all conjunctively.

It is when the liberator uses his magnetic power of control for personal aggrandisement that he becomes inhuman in his indifference to the sacrifices demanded by his egoism; and as a mechanism of defence against self-reproach he claims to be ruled by the pitiless planet of Destiny. (As the Pities say):

> So he fulfils the inhuman antikings
> He thinks imposed upon him.

Napoleon is not entirely successful in his attempt to repress all sense of responsibility, and, from time to time, in suggestions and visions, he is made aware of the price he must pay for his betrayal of Liberty. Early in the drama, at the coronation in Milan Cathedral, the Spirit of the Pities throws a whisper into Napoleon's ear:

> Lieutenant Buonaparte,
> Would it not seemlier be to shut thy heart
> To these unhealthy splendours? Helmet thee
> For her thou swearest to first—fair Liberty?

Napoleon dismisses the whisper as "Aggressive fancy working spells upon a mind overwrought."

Before Waterloo the Spirit Ironic remarks: "A little moral panorama would do him no harm." Thereupon a vision passes before Napoleon as he lies, comprising hundreds of thousands of skeletons and corpses in various stages of decay. They rise from his various battlefields, and are presented by the Duc d'Enghien as showman.

During the battle Napoleon starts up, exclaiming: "A horrible dream has gripped me—horrible! I saw before me Lannes—just as he looked that day at Aspern, mutilated, bleeding! 'What—blood again?' he said to me. 'Still blood?'"

After the battle he again seeks refuge in determinism.

> Great men are meteors that consume themselves
> To light the Earth. This is my burnt-out hour.

As we saw above, he is contemptuously dismissed by the Spirit of the Years.

The Dynasts is unique in English literature in that it recreates for us an historical episode in such a way that it crystallises the philosophic speculation of one epoch and yet in brilliant flashes is illuminated by the thought of a later and distinctly different period. This Janus aspect is lost upon those critics who say that Hardy, having no message, had no will to creation, therefore his work is little more than a monument of nineteenth century pessimism. In making Napoleon the instrument of his own defeat, Hardy may be described as drawing upon his unconscious, which was in advance of his conscious, mind. He did not intend to exempt Napoleon from the play of the will, but rather to show him as dowered with a prescience denied to the other characters in the drama. A flash of inspiration carries the writer beyond his conscious purpose, and the will stands revealed, not as a force outside man, using him as a tool, but as man's own will, working blindly, blundering, yet groping constantly towards more self-conscious control. Further, the artist is inspired to see that the will must become conscious: man must learn that his will responds to feelings and fancies of the origin and importance of which he is quite unaware. As tentatively and in flashes the author's conception of the will changes from that of arch-determinator, "who neither good nor evil knows," to that of "A will that wills above the will of each; yet, but the will of all conjunctively," so the author is passing from the idea of mechanical to that of creative evolution. He is linked to Einstein, of whose *Theory of Relativity* Lord Haldane has said: "We came back to knowledge as the foundation of reality to which all else was relative." Shelley, in *Prometheus Unbound*, has a vision of surpassing beauty in which "Conquest is

dragged captive through the deep," and "Love folds over the world its healing wings"; yet it is significant that the prophecies are fulfilled in Prometheus or Knowledge, although the vision is inspired by Shelley's desire to make permanent a moment of emotional ecstasy. Bernard Shaw, in *Back to Methuselah*, makes man find rest and fulfilment in a purely contemplative life; but the brilliant wit, unlike Shelley's imagery, does not suffice to make us, even momentarily, forget that change is a law of life, and we are repelled by the dreary ancients. Hardy has not ventured to forecast the future, but in the hope that consciousness may inform the will, we are free to picture man making his adaptations to environment more harmoniously and at less cost, while he retains his capacity for infinite change. In the words of Bergson, "The gates of the future stand open to mankind."

It is not possible to read *The Dynasts* without reference to the world-war from which Europe has so recently emerged. When the clamour of the French Revolution had quite died away the idea of nationality unified the states of Italy and of Germany. The latter country immediately set out for the old goal of world-empire, and Europe was again shocked into confusion. In the League of Nations and American Peace Conference the idea of a commonwealth of nations is struggling for definite form. In the development of the individual a crisis is often produced when the promptings of intuition and the play of instinct are repressed in an attempt to make reason the sole arbiter, so there is danger that world development may be hindered by conflict, if the scientific spirit of the West refuses consideration to the intuitive mysticism of the East or scope for the instinctive development of the primitive races. As we reflect upon the civilisations that have passed away and try to divine the future, it is surely no small tribute to the genius of Thomas Hardy to admit that we cannot go beyond the hope expressed in the closing lines of *The Dynasts*:

> But a stirring thrills the air
> Like to sounds of joyance there
> That the rages
> Of the ages
> Shall be cancelled, and deliverance offered from the darts that were,
> Consciousness the Will informing, till it fashion all things fair.

The "Barrier State" in History

By Demetrius C. Boulger

On the morrow even of Waterloo, M. de Bonald wrote, in the name of France, claiming the Rhine frontier: "Sans la limite du Rhin la France n'est pas finie, et ne saurait être stable." On the morrow of the piercing of the Hindenburg line, France, in the person of Marshal Foch, whose genius first broke that line, claimed the same boundary. On a verbal assurance from two men unauthorised to pledge their respective countries, M. Clemenceau allowed himself to deviate from the course prescribed by his military adviser and tradition by accepting an unsanctioned guarantee instead of a territorial bulwark. After five years of mental tergiversation and moral deterioration, the situation has changed. The Rhine frontier ceases to be immediately practicable. As a measure of security for France and peace for Europe the Barrier State holds the field.

Before even the idea of such a creation can be entertained the ground must be cleared of some erroneous, or at least exaggerated, assumptions. Lord Curzon stated a few weeks ago that the policy of the British Government was to preserve the "unity of Germany." English correspondents on the Rhine have written to express their pity at seeing "an ancient empire going to pieces under their eyes." Apparently, then, the task to which the British Government wished to commit itself is not going to prove easy. Natural causes, economic needs and new conditions are at work to refute old saws, and the world will not stand still while officials and diplomatists are failing to learn the lesson that things will never be again as they were at the dawn of 1914, when our statesmen and high functionaries were pluming themselves on the imminent conclusion of an Anglo-German Agreement!

The fact must be recalled that the unity of the Germany for which Lord Curzon postulated is that which came into existence in 1871, and which retained predominance in Europe until the events of the Great War converted

it into a world danger. To preserve is to restore. If that Germany remains intact it will not be long before she reveals her fell and forceful purposes in all their naked hideousness. There was an old Empire of Germany which ended at Austerlitz, but that is not the one which it is desired to restore, for had that been the case Austria would never have been dismembered as she has been. But how is it that the Germany that existed from 1815 to 1871 is never referred to? There was first the Germanic Confederation. It was an assembly of kings and princes who met at the Diet on a footing of equality for all the German States. The efforts made by the Diet to prevent Prussia attacking Austria in 1866 are a matter of history. Notwithstanding them, Austria was crushed at Sadowa, and a few weeks later found herself expelled from the Germany with which she had been identified for over seven centuries. The Germanic Confederation became the North German Confederation, and such was the constitution of Germany when the war of 1870 began. There are many Germans who would prefer their country to be preserved in that form than to remain hidebound under the Prussian *pickelhaube*. What is that form? Separate constitutions and administrations meeting together in council on rare and brief occasions for general needs. No one objects to the preservation of Germany as the home of the Germans on the condition that it represents no menace to its neighbours and the peace of Europe, but the best form under which these conditions appear likely to be fulfilled is a North German Confederacy, and not a Deutsches Reich, which is nothing else than the Empire of Bismarck.

With these preliminaries we approach the consideration of the vital problem upon which the present situation and the future perils of Western Europe depend. In opposition to the theme that the preservation of the unity of Germany is essential to the stability of Europe may be advanced the suggestion that the true remedy lies in the creation of a barrier State that might in some measure keep France and Germany apart, and thus to a considerable degree remove the risk of future contest. This experiment has not merely been suggested, but it was tried with notable success, covering a long period of history.

Charlemagne, the great ruler who revived the Empire

of the West, and who was neither French nor German, but a Walloon, conceived the idea of dividing his vast realm, which included both France and Germany, among his three sons; but, two having predeceased him, the project was passed on to his successor. In 843 A.D. there was signed at Verdun the Treaty by which that son, Louis the Debonair, divided the Empire between his three sons, and to Lothair he gave the intermediate State stretching from Switzerland to the North Sea, which separated the portions of his elder brothers in France and Germany from each other.

The late Professor Freeman used, in the days of my youth, to emphasise his view that the history of Europe began with the Treaty of Verdun. It would defeat my aim if I were to burden this paper with historical details, but it may be said without fear of contradiction that this barrier State did separate France and Germany effectively until the dominions of Burgundy were merged in those of the House of Austria under the Emperor Charles V., thus leaving France to face single-handed the two other States founded at Verdun, one of which was intended to serve as her shield. The salient fact stands on record that for more than 650 years no serious collision occurred between France and Germany, and that their rivalry in the Rhine Valley slumbered for that long period.

It was due to this disturbance of the balance of power that the ancient animosity of Gaul and Germany revived. Germany had acquired by an accidental marriage the whole of the third State, which was designed to restrain her by keeping her on the eastern side of the Rhine, and forthwith she advanced pretensions to indefeasible rights in Alsace and Lorraine, which have been too readily acceded to by her slavish admirers. As a matter of fact, those rights were nothing more than those of the Burgundian family, which was French, not German, and had never intermarried with Teutonic princes until Mary of Burgundy wedded Maximilian. The reaction of France against that encroachment, and the necessity of finding a defensible frontier to the north-east, which in principle, at least, has never been short of the Rhine, explain the incessant and terrible wars to that end which have now been going on for four hundred years since the days marked by

the rivalry of Francis I. and the Emperor Charles V. Notwithstanding the Peace of Versailles at the end of the most terrible and exhausting of them all, France still feels herself to be insecure against the old menace, and it is, therefore, no marvel that she is dissatisfied with the present state of things and apprehensive of the future.

How are her fears to be allayed except by recourse to the remedy which proved effective for over six centuries? The Treaty of Verdun supplies the idea and the principle of a barrier State, but of course the creation of a modern kingdom of Lotharingia, or Lorraine, is not possible or even desirable. It would be to rob France, to stultify Belgium, who has had the courage to throw off the imposed neutrality which almost proved her undoing in 1914, and to leave Germany in the superior position and holding all the points of vantage. To be of any real use a barrier State must be formed out of German territory. No one would go quite so far as to apply to Germany the process of breaking up which was so recklessly enforced against Austria, but at least some fraying and trimming would do her no great injury, while it would contribute to the peace of the world. Expression is given to this view by the repeated advocacy, even within Germany, of the creation of a Rhine Republic. It is not impossible that the idea might be put in practice in some other and preferable manner. The Prince-Archbishops of Cologne and Treves were independent ruling princes down to the close of the eighteenth century, and they administered the bulk of the territory out of which a barrier State could in these days be formed. As members of the Diet they were advocates of peace, and on several occasions they kept their States neutral. As the mass of the population in this region are Roman Catholics, an Ecclesiastical State would be more in harmony with public feeling than a Republic, and more in consonance with the character of neutrality.

From the Swiss frontier to the Queich, which forms the northern boundary of the Vosges, the Rhine provides a frontier which would in the main satisfy all the requirements of French security, and if the Germans are good neighbours anywhere it is where the Black Forest affords them few facilities for being otherwise. The very restricted front thus left open would also be regarded as an impedi-

ment to the larger operations of modern warfare. Moreover, for that section of the common frontier there is no possibility of creating an intermediate State.

Below Gelmersheim there remain on the left bank of the Rhine the Bavarian Palatinate and the Rhine Province belonging to Prussia. Separating these two provinces, but attached to the latter, is the region called the Eifel, with few inhabitants, but perhaps of great mineral fecundity, and the total German population west of the Rhine does not fall short of seven millions, or approximately the same total as that of Belgium. The most extreme of French annexationists, who are a minority of their countrymen, would recoil from incurring the responsibility of the charge of so large a Teutonic element, more especially as annexation would inevitably be followed by an infiltration of German blood into the purity of the French race. Nor could Belgium help materially in sharing such a responsibility; for she, too, would not consent to be burdened with a large addition of German fellow-subjects.

It seems, therefore, beyond dispute that neither France nor Belgium can be desirous of any extensive annexations, even on the left bank of the Rhine. If the insatiable greed and unsatisfied ambition of Germany make her an impossible neighbour, both those States, in their search for security against unprovoked attack, would regard with favour the creation of a new entity west of the Rhine lying outside their own possessions as at present defined.

The question would then arise for consideration as to whether such a State confined to the left bank of the Rhine would serve as an effectual buffer. It would be pointed out, no doubt, that as the heights of the right bank command those on the left, it would in the military sense be in a position of manifest inferiority; while its prosperity in the economic realm would be dependent on the extent to which the coal and coke of Westphalia on the right bank might or might not be at its disposal. For those reasons some would contend that to serve any durably useful purpose the barrier State would have to be astride of the Rhine, a sort of revival of Napoleon's Kingdom of Westphalia in its first phase before its creator made it top-heavy by adding to it Hanover and Brunswick.

A barrier State that was not confined to the left bank

of the Rhine might, however, forfeit the sympathy and support of those Powers which might be disposed to regard the expedient with favour as contributing to a lasting peace that would secure the necessary interval for the discovery, perhaps, of new methods for attaining international harmony. Its only respectable basis would have to be that it was contributory to tranquillity and not to strife. To create a State that would only serve as a new battle-ground would appeal to no one. Consequently it would have to exist under an international guarantee of its "neutrality and independence" such as preserved Belgium from 1832 to 1914. It is quite true that that guarantee was imperfect, but it was effective for over 80 years, which is no short spell, even in the life of nations, and even if it had had no other result than that of bringing England to the side of France at the outbreak of the Great War, instead of some weeks too late, it would still have justified, in an unforeseen manner, the wisdom of those French and English statesmen who controlled the London Conference.

It is unnecessary to say more. The idea of the barrier State originated in the prescient mind of Charlemagne, but the deaths of his other sons left his heritage in the sole hands of Louis of Aquitaine. He, in his turn, saw to its realisation, which was ratified by his three sons at Verdun. Seven centuries later the great Emperor Charles V., realising that his ascendancy in Europe could not endure after his death, wished to create a Kingdom of Belgic Gaul that would have been a sort of revival of Lorraine. Religious feuds, and not political strife, intervened to destroy his project at its birth. Nearly 300 years after that time the scheme was revived during the close of the first Napoleonic Empire by William I. of the Netherlands, who wished his kingdom to be extended through Lorraine and Alsace to Switzerland. There is consequently no reason to reject the proposal as something unheard of or undreamt of. It has been tried, not without success; it has been conceived by rulers whose intelligence could not be disputed; it may still have to be taken up afresh, and modified to meet the exigencies of the times in which we live. At least, the proposal is worth consideration in anticipation of the time when all other expedients for promoting permanent peace among the nations of Western Europe may have failed.

"Says Sergeant Murphy"

By A. P. Garland

RACE PROBLEMS

"I SEE Pilburn is going to emigrate to the United States," remarked Mr. Heddle.

"Pilburn—Pilburn," repeated Sergeant Murphy. "Let me see. Round-skulled, dark, inclined to thick ankles. They won't have him. He's not Nordic. Nothin' but Nordics is bein' accepted now, and thim only undher pressure of the Road-makin' Thrust, who are short of cheap min to handle the pick-axe."

"What's all that about?" asked the landlord.

"Sure, haven't you heard tell of the new U.S.A. policy, Heddle? It's the sinsation of the day. They used to grade the emmygrints be the number of dollars they had—or more likely hadn't. Now they're gradin' thim accordin' to race, and a brunette like you, Heddle, has as much chance of gettin' into the United States as a rich man has of climbin' through the eye of a camel. Me bein' a blonde and long-headed—sure it's the divil's own job to get a hat to fit me—am Nordic, which manes that I'm superior and wan of the world's rulers from nine till six, and nine till wan Sathurdays, outside the *Daily Hoot* offices. The likes of me is what they want to maintain the high standard of civilisation which America has attained except in the lynchin' areas.

"'Let us,' says Congress, 'dam the sthream of min that ought to but don't shave twice a day. The banana thrade is overcrowded. Statistics show that four out of every five persons convicted of petty larceny are brunettes, while the blondes reserve for thimselves the more jinteel pastime of oil graft. The dark, round-headed fellah, whin his feelins are roused, reaches for his knife, while the fair-haired aristocrat scorns such low weapons and puts his thrust in the automatic revolver. The average golf handicap of the brunettes is in the late twinties, while a blonde with more than eighteen is excommunicated be his fellow athletes. And so on and so forth to siven places of decimals.

"'Therefore, from now on open arms will be held out to the blue-eyed, fair-haired European that seeks our shores, and firearms to anny man with dark complexion that thries to edge himself in among us.'"

"A dark-haired man is as good as a fair-haired one any day in the week," said Heddle firmly.

"Maybe you're right, Heddle," answered the Sergeant, "but it 'ud be no use sayin' so to the injaynious author of the Nordic theery. Regineration be faith can't hould a candle to regineration be race. For a hundhred years or more the United States has been wilcomin' all comers, with no stake or system barred, save for a thriflin' discrimination in the case of the slim Asiatic. What's the result? Why, the dope thraffic, and the film industhry, and boot-leggin', and the bankrupt Shippin' Board. So off goes a profissor to Europe to thrace the cause, and, being a fair-haired as well as a fair-minded man himself, he soon came to the conclusion that the blondes were the pick of the basket.

"The blondes he christened Nordics, and the rest of Europe he divided up among the Mediterraneans—the slim, dark wans, and Alpines—the tubby, dark wans. And he soon proved to his own satisfaction that the blondes were the world rulers. Whinever annything grand and noble has been done in the past it was done be a Nordic—or if he wasn't a Nordic he ought to have been wan, so the principle's the same. Therefore, says he, let's encourage thim to come to this land of freedom and offset the thribes of black-chinned inthruders that are loadin' Ellis Island down to the gunwales.

"Thrue, he found it a bit awkward at times whin he discovered that the facts didn't always fit the theery. The only purely Nordic race turned out to be the Swedes, and their main conthribution to the world in the last cintury is turnips, matches, and 'arms upwards sthretch'—bad luck to it!—which last nearly caused a mutiny in every army that fought for dimmocracy. But a theerist doesn't care a damn for annythin' but the theery, so there you are, and that's why in the future the brunettes will enther America in a thrickle, while the blondes will sweep in like a torrent. And in maybe two thousand years from now, Heddle, the man that can boast of bein' wan hundherd per cent. American will have somethin' to boast of."

"What's one hundred per cent. American at present?" asked Heddle.

"I don't know," replied the Sergeant. "Maybe Choctaw."

The Uphill Track

By Hubert Stringer

When hard rock twists beneath your tread,
When firm land shifts to quicksand bed,
When your warm Sun, in dire eclipse,
Freezes the laughter on your lips,
When those you loved and counted true
Stab you, and staunch the wound with rue—
When the bright peak you'd all but won
Shivers to mirage and is gone,
When Life—its Promise all amiss—
Yawns as a formless, dark abyss,
Know this—

No spirit, yearning toward the sky,
Can soar too swift or strive too high;
Yet, as you rise, your widening view
Unfolds fair vales and vistas new
Which, if your Fate may not attain,
Win you but bitterness and pain—
'Twere wiser then, while mounting still,
To hold in view the homelier hill
And learn to draw sheer happiness
From humbler pleasures, beauties less;
From wind and light and scent and hue,
From whispering trees and glittering dew,
Stars bedded deep in mystic skies;
From laughing lips and kindling eyes.
And if you meet some woeful thing
Help—but grieve not—remembering
This Earth, a battleground of Mind,
Was not for Paradise designed:
So shall you climb where Fate may call,
Demanding naught, yet hoping all
As one who welcomes as he goes
Each flower that by the pathway blows—
And treads the Summit ere he knows.

Was He Justified?

A Doctor's Dilemma

(Founded on fact)

By Grace E. Wyatt

THE good ship *Courageous*, a passenger liner, was speeding on her way from the Cape to Melbourne.

There were many saloon passengers, and the days, especially the evenings, were merry. Bridge, concerts, dramatic performances, tableaux, dancing, even political debates—all had their devotees, and were conducted with spirit and immense enjoyment, when the sea conditions permitted, but a good deal of rough weather was at first encountered.

About a week after the beginning of the voyage an unfortunate incident marred the general hilarity. A deck-hand had fallen overboard during a sudden gust of wind. The ship had been stopped, the engines reversed, and a boat containing a small crew had been lowered in an incredibly short time. But the man was unconscious when reached, and only rescued and dragged into the boat just before he sank for the last time. When he was brought on board he was still insensible, but the patient efforts of the doctor brought him at length back to consciousness. This was, however, a doubtful benefit, for he had sustained some frightful internal injury (perhaps in being hoisted during a heavy sea into the boat), and this caused him the most excruciating agony, so unbearable that though the doctor exhausted his stock of morphia, he died in about six days, in the most desperate pain. An operation was impossible, and the constant tossing of the ship would in any case have made it out of the question to perform one.

The funeral, of course, followed—a moving and tragic ceremony at sea. It cast a gloom over the gay company, but this soon passed away.

One afternoon, shortly after these events, and when

the eighteen days' voyage was about half over, tea was going on in the big saloon.

Everyone was talking at once, but the ordered hubbub was of daily occurrence, and troubled nobody so long as each remark was audible to the person addressed.

In a chair in a rather dark corner there sat a man of about thirty-five years of age, tall and thin, with a keen, clever face of the Charles Kingsley type. He had a jaw which spoke of an iron will, and a pair of the brilliant eyes which generally denote enthusiasm. Gerald Stoddart was the ship's doctor, and one of the most popular officers on the boat. Intensely devoted to his profession, he was fortunate enough to have more than one hobby to take his mind off it at suitable times. He was a born actor, and was nearly always selected to "run" the tableaux or private theatricals.

But this afternoon he was not himself. He spoke to no one, and after absently swallowing a cup of tea, he sat still, running his hands through his hair—a habit when he was harassed—and staring into space, evidently oblivious of all around him.

At last he rose, and strode out of the saloon. Just outside he encountered the captain, and nearly knocked him down.

"Awfully sorry, sir," he said. "I didn't see you."

"No—you look as if you couldn't see an elephant," rejoined the other. "What's the matter? Has some fair one ceased to offer the glad eye?"

"No, not at all, sir. I am in a horrible fix."

"Why, what on earth is it? Some professional worry, or I don't believe you'd look so utterly heart-broken. Is your patient worse? The poor chap with the rheumatic fever?"

"Yes—much worse. He can't possibly live in this pain; it is frightful to witness. He *must* have morphia, and—and—my stock's gone. I had to give it all to poor Doughty. In all my experience I have never had such a demand for it within two weeks' time. But this attack of Major Robson's is the worst I have ever come across. I really don't know how to bear his misery, and I can't stop it. Besides, the actual pain is destroying him. No constitution could stand it."

The captain whistled thoughtfully, and looked out of the port-hole.

"I expect some of the passengers have some," he said at last, "I should ask them if I were you."

"They won't admit it, even if they have. No drug-taker ever does," returned the other.

"Still, I should try. Come along," said Captain Wright, "I'll help you," and he entered the lounge, followed by the doctor.

Tea was over, and most of the people were standing up, with faces turned to the door.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the captain, in a voice sufficiently loud to reach the furthest corner of the large apartment, "Doctor Stoddart wishes to speak to you for a moment."

Everyone looked at the doctor, their expressions showing that they expected some humorous or agreeable suggestion. Had he at last finished the immortal comedy which he said he was writing, which would put the *Merry Wives* and *Twelfth Night* in the shade for ever? Was he going to read it through and allot the parts that evening? What fun they would have!

But their pleasant anticipations were dispelled when they saw his face. It was set and stern, and he began to speak in a curt, abrupt manner, and evidently with reluctance.

"There is a man dying of sheer pain," he said, "Major Robson, whom we all know. He was taken ill soon after we sailed, and he has been getting worse each day. His bodily sufferings are what I cannot describe, and his young wife is in a heart-broken state. I could, I believe, save his life, if I had some morphia to give him, but I have none left. I used the last atom for Doughty, the unlucky deck-hand. If any man or woman present has a little, and will give it to me, it will stop this awful pain, and probably save a human life."

Having said his say, he stood quite still, but there was an air of hope expectant in his demeanour.

A dead silence followed. Then a few began to whisper to each other: "Morphia? I haven't any. I never touch it"; or "I've never even seen it." After a few tense moments General Short said in his hearty voice:

"You should have all I'd got, doctor, if I had it, but I've never possessed such a thing in my life."

"Nor I—nor I—nor I," announced one after another, until everyone seemed to have spoken.

"This is a serious and important matter, Doctor Stoddart," said the captain, watching the large assemblage of prosperous and self-satisfied people with a cool and critical glance. "I can only suggest," he added, "that as your question has only been asked of our friends *en masse*, and some perhaps have not answered, or have not quite grasped the situation, you now put your query individually, as the ladies and gentlemen leave the saloon."

There was a murmur of assent, and everyone filed out, laughing and protesting, the captain holding the door, and the doctor standing by him.

Among the latest to leave was a certain handsome Mrs. Arbuthnot, a somewhat mysterious person. She had no one with her, was paying for a two-berth cabin in order to be alone, and did not appear to wish to make friends among the other ladies on the boat. Some of the men seemed to find her an agreeable companion, but they said among themselves that she was "a bit of a dark horse." She was always very elaborately dressed, having apparently an inexhaustible wardrobe, but the ladies on board, though themselves quite frankly "made up," declared to one another that her complexion was the greatest work of art that they had ever seen.

As Mrs. Arbuthnot passed Stoddart in the doorway she smiled at him and shook her head. She and the doctor had got on particularly well, as she was an actress of no mean order, and often took the part of his leading lady—especially the "villainess."

"Not a grain, not a drop, Doctor Stoddart," she said, "alas, alas!"

The doctor looked at her searchingly, but said nothing, and she walked on.

But as she passed him in the doorway he distinctly smelt morphia, and he knew that she was lying.

Life and death were—or might be—in her hands. Were they not also in his? Something he must do, and something he would. But what?

He proceeded to visit his unhappy patient, a painful

ordeal, for he was a sensitive man, with nerves easily upset, and his professional experiences were sometimes little short of torture.

It was so now. Before he reached the scene of suffering the groans and cries of the sick man reached his ears, and when he opened the door he saw that the pain was at its height.

A slight form rose from a seat as he entered. "Oh, Doctor Stoddart, can nothing—*nothing* be done?" cried Mrs. Robson, clasping her hands, while the tears rained down her cheeks. "He gets worse and worse, he has been praying to die, rather than have this agony go on. Do think—you are so clever and so kind—surely there is *something* you can do."

"I only wish I could, my dear lady; even you do not wish it more than I," answered the other, bending over the sick man and taking his pulse.

Robson recognised him, and shouted, almost deliriously: "Kill me, doctor, kill me! I can't stand this, I won't! Do you understand? Where are my razors? Give me something to end this—I won't go on!"

"Hush, major, I'm going to help you. I promise," replied the distracted doctor. "Bear the pain a little while longer, for your wife's sake, and don't talk about razors. I *will* stop the pain. Trust me, Mrs. Robson, I know what I can do now. And look after him carefully, mind. Don't let him get up," he added to the man nurse in charge.

He left the cabin and went up on deck. It was a lovely afternoon, and an immense number of people were dotted about, reading, talking, smoking, or watching the waves, now illumined by the brilliant hues of approaching sunset.

Stoddart felt desperate. He was absolutely determined to obtain the drug so urgently needed. By fair means if possible, but if not—well—by others. "My first duty is to my patient," he said to himself as he walked forward.

On a seat at some distance he could see Mrs. Arbuthnot. She was sitting on a deck chair, apparently absorbed in a novel. As he drew near, however, Stoddart perceived that she was aware of his approach. She had seen him out of the tail of her eye, and she turned her shoulder a

little away, and affected to be still more deeply interested in her book.

There was an empty chair not far off, and Stoddart drew it near the lady, and sat down. He placed the seat so that the breeze blew from her to him, and again he became conscious of the subtle aroma of the familiar drug.

Mrs. Arbuthnot could not ignore his action, and she looked up from her novel with seeming surprise.

"Forgive my interruption, Mrs. Arbuthnot," said the doctor, "but I have just come from my patient's bedside, and his bodily agony and his wife's desperate misery are heartbreaking. They have constrained me to come here and ask you once more whether you are quite sure that you have not just a little of that dangerous but precious drug—medicine as it really is—left in your cabin?"

Mrs. Arbuthnot sat very upright in her chair, and probably flushed, although for artistic reasons that was not obvious.

"Really, Doctor Stoddart," she said icily. "I thought I made myself quite clear before, when I said I had no morphia in my possession. Are you in the habit of doubting a lady's word?"

"Sometimes people forget. But, after your reply now and decided statement, I see I must try some other way of obtaining what I so sorely need."

He rose, bowed, and went away, and Mrs. Arbuthnot returned to her book, and no doubt found it as interesting as before, notwithstanding the fact that she held it upside down.

The doctor, still doggedly determined to obtain what he wanted, repaired to the steward's office, discovered the number of the cabin he wished to explore, knowledge which, as ship's doctor, of course, he could obtain, and two hours later, when he had seen the owner safely seated at dinner, he quietly entered it, and began his search for the hidden treasure. Deck trunks, and small boxes within them, holdalls, hat boxes, every possible receptacle did he examine, and it is to be feared that he treated the beautiful silks and laces with scant respect in his hurried and anxious exploration. For what seemed an eternity he found nothing—that is, nothing that he wanted—and he was about to leave in despair when his eye fell upon a

little upright clock on the dressing-table. It was not going, and the doctor took it in his hand. *What* was that on his finger? He raised it to his face and smelt it. An expression of delight and triumph illumined his features, as with trembling fingers he unscrewed the back of the clock, and found, as he expected, that it was a secret box, and not a timepiece at all. Another moment and he had secured his prize in the little case with which he had provided himself.

"Eureka! But is it in time?" was all he said, as he raced to the sick bay.

"Doctor, doctor," cried the poor little wife, "he can't go on like this, the pain is worse, and feel how weak he is getting!"

"Please God, I can stop it all now," said the doctor, and he injected the precious drug. "Let us pray we may be in time."

And he *was* just in time, but only just. A few more hours of the racking pain would have brought the sick man into a condition from which recovery would have been impossible.

He remained, of course, ill—very ill—but on reaching Melbourne he was carried to a hospital, where he eventually recovered, the climate, doubtless, largely contributing to his cure.

Mrs. Arbuthnot, needless to say, never forgave the doctor. If looks could have killed him, he would soon have been a dead man.

But she could do no more than shoot glances of hate at him. If she had told her story the whole ship would have cut—not the doctor who had the unwarrantable effrontery to ransack her cabin—but the drug-taker whose dulled conscience would rather a man died in agony than that her secret vice should be discovered.

Local Veto in Scotland

By Via Media

"Prohibition as a method of dealing with the drink question is outside the range of practical politics."—Rt. Hon. J. H. Thomas, M.P.

"It shall be no man's interest to excite another to drink."—Count Witte, Tsarist Russian Finance Minister.

As a Scottish elector, I am indebted to the Editor of this REVIEW for the opportunity of expressing the views of myself and many of my compatriots upon the proposals for temperance reform in Scotland put forward by Lord Salvesen in the February number.

At a meeting in Edinburgh in 1923 of the Scottish Public House Reform League, Lord Salvesen, commenting on the restricted power conferred by the Temperance (Scotland) Act of 1913 upon the electors, said that the absurdity of the present position might be brought home to the Edinburgh public if he took a simple illustration. The last matter which agitated the people in the city was the tramway question. Suppose the Corporation had insisted that there should be a plebiscite in which the only issues were no change or abolition of the tramways, the public would have found themselves in an extraordinarily anomalous position. Nobody wanted either, but they would have been compelled to say "yes" to one or other, or not to record their votes at all. That was precisely the position under the Scottish Temperance Act, 1913.

Many of Lord Salvesen's criticisms are very just, but with all its defects the Act is regarded as the greatest step forward which has ever been made in the history of temperance reform, inasmuch as it places in the hands of the people themselves power to control a trade which, when pushed, as it certainly has been, for private gain, is a menace to our national life. To say that any change which would take from the people this power would be non-controversial is, we believe, entirely to mistake the feelings of the Scottish people.

The first proposal of the Scottish Public House Reform League was to introduce a fourth option into the Act—public house reform. Lord Salvesen asks what would have been the result at the polling in 1923 if there had been this fourth option? We believe that the result would have been that immense influence would have been brought to bear to make the electors vote for this attractive sounding option, and it would probably have been carried. Had it been possible to bring it into operation, the repeal of the 1913 Act must have followed with security of tenure to the publican, as Lord Salvesen desired.

Lord Salvesen says: "The truth is that while the 1913 Act holds the field, however amended, it constitutes an insuperable obstacle to any attempt to reform existing conditions. . . . Let us, then, face the facts as we find them and frankly confess that the plebiscite clauses of the 1913 Act must go, as a condition precedent to any change in our existing system."

He has perhaps overlooked a very important Government Paper entitled "State Purchase and Control of the Liquor Trade," commonly called "The Sumner Report," issued in 1918. In 1917 the Government, alarmed apparently at the excessive drinking in the country, made the following announcement:—"His Majesty's Government being of opinion that it may shortly be necessary as an urgent war measure to assume control of the manufacture and supply of intoxicating liquors," Committees for England, Scotland, and Ireland were appointed by the Home Secretary "to inquire and report upon the terms upon which those interests should be acquired."

The inquiry was most thorough and the Report is extremely valuable for the information it affords. The Scottish Committee was presided over by Lord Shaw of Dunfermline, with the present Secretary for Scotland as one of the seven members of the Committee. Paragraph 42, page 36, deals with the Temperance (Scotland) Act, 1913, and we find the following statements:—

> In the Committee's opinion it would be lacking in its duty if it failed to make clear to the Government the following:—The power of communities in Scotland over the prohibition and restriction of licences has in the Act of 1913 reached a clear and definite stage. What has been accomplished after a protracted struggle cannot be surrendered. . . . What was agreed upon all hands was that any measure which deprived

the localities of the powers of local option won for them under the Act would be a public wrong.

Paragraph 44 is instructive:—

The "Trade" in Scotland is highly organised, and its interests in Scotland, which appear to be amply equipped with means, are defended with vigilance and vigour and with great ability. The work of these organisations becomes a not unimportant factor in political and municipal contests. It is practically certain that when the options under the Scottish Temperance Act come to be exercised, the influence of these organisations will be brought to bear upon the voter *ad hoc* in strong reinforcement of those appeals on the ground of the individual hardships of dispossession which are the everyday experience of Licensing Courts.

This report seems to dispose of Lord Salvesen's contention that the repeal of the Act and the substitution of reformed public-houses would satisfy the majority of the Scottish people.

We have not many newspapers in Scotland, but the important ones, such as *The Glasgow Herald* for the West of Scotland, *The Dundee Advertiser* for the East, *The Scotsman* for the whole country, reflect fairly public opinion.

After the polling of 1923, *The Glasgow Herald* wrote as follows:—

The cause of Temperance Reform has not been materially forwarded by the operation of the Temperance Act. Generally speaking, the supporters of No-Change and of No-Licence have entrenched themselves in their districts, with no perceptible benefit to the country as a whole. It is not to be supposed that the country will reconcile itself indefinitely to a condition which cannot even be described as a stalemate. Reform is as urgently necessary as ever. Something will have to be done soon to overcome the present inertia. The expedient of a "reformed public-house," which has been proposed by the Moderation League, is inadmissible, inasmuch as it would give a guaranteed security of tenure to the publican, and thus strengthen the grip of vested interests and defeat the whole purpose of the Licensing Laws.

The Dundee Advertiser wrote:—

It is clear to us that the options of the Act are insufficient to justify the claim that the matter is submitted to the decision of the electorate. The Limitation option is an absurdity, as is proved by the fact that only handfuls of people vote for it. If it were left out, the machinery of the Act would be simplified. In fact, only two options are put to the electors —No-Change and No-Licence—and it is absurd to pretend that these are the only views of the drink question that have a right to expression when the pretence is made that the whole subject is submitted to the people. At least the third alternative of Disinterested Management, which has a substantial backing among the public, should have a place. Disinterested Management, as in the Carlisle experiment, has at least the merit of clearing the way for further reform, if the public desire it, by removing

the powerful vested interests, which are such a formidable obstacle to change of any sort.

And we find the following in *The Scotsman*:—

It is when the voter is brought up against the dilemma of an apparently futile Option that he realises the exasperating predicament in which the Government left him when they declined to consider the amendment of the 1913 Act (for Disinterested Management). Local Option, in the sense advocated by the Prohibitionist, is the antithesis of free choice. It is, as Mr. Sherwell points out, in practice and in effect an undemocratic tyranny of constraint. If the voter is a teetotaller and wishes to force all his fellow-citizens to accept his principle, then he may give effect to his opinion at the poll. If he had his own serious scheme of reform, free and full expression is denied to him. All that is permitted is to take a step in the direction of Prohibition. It is because of resentment at this undemocratic constraint that the average citizen is apt to turn away with impatience from the whole controversy.

It is very true that reformed public-houses are urgently needed, and we must hope to see them established in time. But one, "The Rose" at Camberwell, which we believe is considered a show public-house by the League calling itself "The True Temperance League," was in November visited by a correspondent of *The Scotsman* newspaper, who made a report which does not seem altogether satisfactory. The visitor found much to praise in the spacious rooms and the provisions for the comfort of the frequenters of the house.

We give some extracts from the report:—

There is a good deal of drinking among women in Camberwell, and those who are mothers are in the habit of leaving their children outside the ordinary public-house while they go in to have their drink. At "The Rose" this temporary separation is unnecessary, for the children are allowed to come into a spacious and comfortably appointed saloon, where there is no bar, but where liquor can be brought from a bar in an adjoining room and served at small tables.

Men and women discovered that good food and drink were to be had at the usual prices, and that there was no extra charge for sitting down and having it in comfort to the music (on week-days) of a piano or (on Saturdays) of a jazz band.

When I looked in at "The Rose" during the week-end the consumption of food was not taking place to any appreciable extent. Little groups sat at the tables with beer, stout, or other drink before them, but their attention appeared to be engrossed by the piano-playing of a young lad, whose rag-times and choruses probably made them oblivious for the time being to the business of concentrating on the "next round."

In accordance with their plans of reform, the proprietors of "The Rose" installed a soda fountain and tea and coffee urns, but my observations, which are confirmed by those in charge of the saloon, point to the fact that there is no demand for these beverages in a public-house. The majority of adult customers will have nothing but alcoholic drinks, while

even the younger people who are under age insist on something in a bottle, even if it is only ginger-beer.

We must always remember that the popular drink in Scotland is whisky, a far more dangerous drink than beer and stout, and it is inconceivable to suppose that Scottish parents would bring their children into any public house, reformed or otherwise, to see them drink whisky, and to look forward eagerly to the time when they themselves would be old enough to partake of it.

This being the case, the question of reform becomes more urgent in Scotland than in England, and makes it of vital importance that everything should be done to decrease the excessive drinking which now prevails.

The latest return of the sum spent on alcohol in Scotland in a year, as estimated by the *Alliance Year Book*, is £32,000,000 with a population of 4,800,000. This means excessive drinking and excessive waste.

In a small book lately published by the Government, *Alcohol, its Action on the Human Organism*, we find the following:—

The ill-effect on individual and national efficiency of excessive indulgence in alcohol is not disputed. Apart from the greater risk of excess of dose when highly alcoholic beverages are drunk, the use of these more concentrated liquors tends to promote chronic poisoning on account of the damage done to the lining membranes of the stomach by the direct action of alcohol in strong solution. There is a general medical belief that spirit-drinking is specially liable to induce alcoholic disease.

All this information and parental advice is excellent, but what are we in Scotland to do to diminish the consumption of this dangerous beverage if we are not permitted to have a real measure of Local Option, which would include some form of disinterested management for those who will not have Prohibition? Surely if local electors have the right to decide whether the liquor business in their area shall be abolished or shall continue, they should have an equal right to decide how the trade, if allowed, shall be carried on.

The sale of whisky is so lucrative that we see the danger of great numbers of the population being drawn into participation in the traffic. We see such announcements as the following:—

The *Daily Express* states that shareholders in Buchanan-Dewar, Ltd., will participate in a gift proposed by the directors representing no less an amount than ten million pounds.

And in another paper we read:—

It is now stated that a scrip bonus to ordinary shareholders of 100 per cent., or one share for each held, will be made by capitalisation of reserves. There are 2,000,000 £1 ordinary shares issued. . . There is a great deal of interest in the next dividend, which is due in May in respect of the year to March 31st. The last payment was on the 30 per cent. basis, free of tax.

The profits of the retail sales are also large. In the Sumner Report, page 42, we find that for the purposes of the inquiry, the Committee took evidence of the profits of the years before the war. "Put generally, the business result seemed to be that of every hundred pounds of gross drawings £40 might be reckoned as gross profits and from £16 to £20 as net profits." It seems too great a temptation to licence holders to encourage the sale of drink when such profits can be made. As a speaker in Parliament who had studied this question said:—

I believe that what is vitally necessary is to get rid of the system under which large numbers of people have a direct interest in pushing and encouraging the sale of drink, and in tempting people to drink more than they want and more than is good for them. It is idle to say that, so long as this business is in private hands, there will not be thousands of people interested in encouraging the sale of drink and stimulating its consumption. It is inevitable that there should be, and I do not blame them. Every trader is necessarily desirous of increasing the consumption of the article in which he trades; and where, as in this case, the number of traders is unfortunately much too large, the very fierceness of competition drives them to stimulate consumption all the more.

Eliminate that dangerous and anti-social element from the supply of drink. Leave the traffic in the hands of an authority which, while bound to provide reasonable facilities for the purchase of alcoholic drinks by those who require them, has no interest in pushing the sale of such drinks, but, on the contrary, is interested in the maintenance of real places of refreshment and social intercourse.

An account of the wonderful reforms in Sweden has been clearly given in an article by Dr. Ivan Bratt in the Supplement of *The Times* of last year devoted to the Gothenburg Exhibition. A further inquiry into that system was carried out by *The Scotsman* last year and is very important. In the sixth article, October 24th, 1923, the correspondent relates:—

A day or two before leaving Sweden I paid a second visit to one who has been in the fight for sixty years, and probably has as wide and clear a view of the licensing systems of the world as any man.

"I am against Prohibition," he said, "because I am convinced that it cannot be effectively applied. Nevertheless, we owe much to Prohibitionists. . . . But their aims are, in the meantime at least, impracticable.

A country must be ready for reform. You must have the people behind you if you are to have a good working system. No system can be properly worked without the consent and the assistance of the people.

"Take the case of Norway. Prohibition is a failure there. . . . And a most serious aspect of Norway's state is this—the liquor illicitly consumed there is bad and strong. The people are getting accustomed to those fiery spirits, and if Prohibition goes on much longer it will be exceedingly difficult to wean them from these drinks and to get them to content themselves with milder beverages."

After further discussing the system in Sweden, he said:—

Finally, there is no use of attempting to make any satisfactory reform so long as the liquor traffic remains in the hands of private individuals. There must be Disinterested Management in some degree, or in some shape or form.

In a private letter, of March 22nd, Dr. Ivan Bratt writes:—

Je suis convaincu que toute réglementation ayant pour but la restriction de la vente des boissons alcooliques est irréalisable et en tout cas sans effets tant que la vente se trouve liée à des interêts privés.

The opinion of such eminent and successful reformers should surely have great weight in this country, and we ourselves have in what is often called "the Carlisle experiment" a signal example of the wisdom of these trenchant words. For the information of those who have not followed the working of the Carlisle system it will be well to give a short survey of what has taken place there.

The phrase "the Carlisle experiment," like so many short descriptions, is somewhat misleading. The State did not embark on this enterprise in order to carry out a social experiment, but because the grave conditions prevailing in Carlisle and neighbourhood in 1915-1916 were such that a different method of carrying on the licensed trade in that area was an absolute necessity. The establishment of a large munition factory at Gretna a few miles north of Carlisle had flooded the district, and especially the city itself, with many thousands of navvies. These men, earning high wages, separated from their home influences and with few interests to fill their leisure time, crowded into the city in the evenings and at the week-ends, and filled the public-houses to overflowing. The result was a terrible outbreak of drunkenness, which by the spring of 1916 seemed likely to get beyond the control of the civic authorities. The usual restrictive

order imposed in November, 1915, had entirely failed to produce an improvement. Prohibition was out of the question. What, then, could be done? There remained the hitherto untried expedient, that of State Purchase. That a social experiment with far-reaching possibilities has emerged is undeniable, and it is for this reason that so much public attention has been directed to what has been happening in this corner of England.

The number of licences in the city was reduced from 119 to 69, salaried managers were appointed having no pecuniary interest in the sale of intoxicants, and improvement of the structure and arrangement of the public-houses that remained, the provision of food in public-houses, the provision of tea-rooms in country inns. The system is under the direction of the Home Secretary with a Local Advisory Committee, consisting of 24 men and women of local knowledge and experience. They are representative of the city, the county, and the Urban District Councils, the magistracy, the Trades Council and others.

The latest report of the Chief Constable of Carlisle states that during the past year the convictions for drunkenness have been 89. Deducting strangers and two local women who between them accounted for nine convictions, and five methylated spirit drinkers, only 49 residents of Carlisle were convicted of drunkenness during the year, in which the police paid 700 surprise visits.

All the authorities seem to be of one mind, that the scheme in operation is exceedingly beneficial to all classes of the community. Carlisle has been visited by deputations of working men and women representing every trade, and all have given their warm approval to the system. It has been violently attacked by extreme Prohibitionists on the one part, who refuse to entertain any proposal which differs from their own prescription, and it is also violently attacked by the Trade.

Mr. John H. Minns, Chairman of the Carlisle and District Licensed Victuallers' Association, who has been an active and unceasing opponent of the Control Board's work in Carlisle, has lately made plain the object of the anti-Carlisle campaign in a letter to the *Morning Advertiser*. "So long as the 'Carlisle experiment' is in

existence," he urges, "*it will stand as a menace to the Trade.*"

But the Carlisle people do not seem to have the least intention of giving it up.

It is a mistake to suppose, as Lord Salvesen suggests, that efficient police supervision is an adequate substitute for the elimination of private profit. The Glasgow police are very efficient, but we may gauge their difficulties when we see in their latest annual report that there were 13,497 arrests for drunkenness and other offences committed under the influence of intoxicating liquors. 395 of these were of men assaulting their wives, and 61 women and 8 men were arrested drunk in charge of children. (Can this be called liberty of the subject?)

In Carlisle no drunken persons were proceeded against for assaulting their wives, neither were there any arrests for being drunk in charge of children.

The Scottish Public House Reform League appears to consider the idea of disinterested management, but only when private companies are formed and they can get hold of a licence which has been given up or a new licence for some district where it is supposed to be required.

Lord Salvesen says very truly that the necessary capital to run even a small proportion of existing licences on disinterested lines would be extremely difficult to raise. This no doubt is true, for, as Mr. Joseph Chamberlain pointed out at Birmingham many years ago, where such a trust could obtain a *monopoly*, and not have to compete with other houses, it might do great good, but that if established among a number of ordinary public-houses it might tend to their advantage and not to that of the community. The proportion that such houses would bear to the existing public-houses would be quite insignificant, and the national problem to be solved would be practically unaffected. It is absolutely essential to the successful working of the disinterested management system that the whole of the retail licences in a town or district should be taken over.

By the Temperance (Scotland) Act of 1913, Scotland was divided into areas. In burghs where the population is less than twenty-five thousand the whole burgh constitutes the area. Why deny to any area which wishes to adopt

the system of Disinterested Management the power to do so if they can raise the money necessary to the carrying out of the scheme?

In the March number of THE ENGLISH REVIEW Dr. Shadwell, in the article entitled "The Principles of Liquor Control," writes of the Royal Commission which was appointed in 1896 to inquire into the laws relating to the sale of intoxicating liquor. As he truly says, it was a tremendous affair. The Commission sat for three years. There were twenty-four members, eight of whom were engaged in the Liquor Trade. Dr. Shadwell says that the inquiry was one of the most imposing ever held, but lost in detail, unconvincing and sterile. We in Scotland cannot quite subscribe to this description of the Commission. Lord Peel, who had been for eleven years in the exacting position of Speaker of the House of Commons, one of the most distinguished Speakers that has ever sat in the Chair of the House of Commons, was asked to preside over this Commission. He had not given any particular attention to the subject before that time, but when the sittings of the Commission were over, the evidence brought before him had been of such a startling character that, far from seeking the rest and retirement from public life to which his work in Parliament had entitled him, he became President of the Scottish Temperance Legislation Board. In Edinburgh, in Glasgow, in Dundee he addressed vast audiences; he urged them to sink all differences, warning them that there are things going on under the present system which ought to shock every lover of his country or anyone who is imbued with a true and wholesome patriotism.

At Dundee he said: "The time has come when an effort must be made—a final, I hope a united effort—because I am convinced of one thing—that we cannot tolerate much longer the endurance of this evil. I believe it is eating into the physical condition of our race; I believe it is sapping our moral nature. We cannot afford to be otherwise than a sober nation. In this age, surrounded as we are by envious, it may be by hostile, races, we must keep ourselves clean and pure at home if we wish to face this competition that is becoming in every kind of industry more and more pressing upon us. We must do

something to reform this evil if we wish to maintain the position we have held, the great and noble position we have held among the nations of the globe."

If these words were applicable then, how much more so are they now!

In 1912, the year of Lord Peel's death, he presented a petition to the Secretary for Scotland, which was as follows:—

MY LORD,—We, the Subscribers, have for years been carefully considering the varying proposals brought forward for temperance legislation. In view of the re-introduction of the Temperance (Scotland) Bill, we desire to express our earnest conviction that such a measure will be incomplete unless the electors, in areas where a No-Licence resolution cannot be carried, are given the further option of Disinterested Company Management under adequate statutory safeguards.

We are,
My Lord,
YOUR OBEDIENT SERVANTS.

This petition was signed by himself and forty-five of the leading men of Scotland. Lord Kinnaird, the philanthropist, Lord Graham, great industrialists like Sir Thomas Glen Coats and Sir Robert Pullar, heads of universities, Moderators and ex-Moderators of the Church of Scotland, bishops, professors in the universities, and many others.

This is indeed a powerful appeal, to have the option of Disinterested Management included in the Act, but Lord Peel's death in that year, the passing of the 1913 Act, from which so much was hoped by the Prohibitionists, and the opposition of the extreme temperance party to any other option than that of Local Veto being included in the Act, also the outbreak of the war in 1914, seem to have caused the Scottish Temperance Legislation Board to come to an end, but it would be well that all temperance reformers in Scotland should keep this movement in mind, now that Prohibition and No-Licence have proved unacceptable to the Scottish people.

It may be well to repeat here the words of the Swedish reformer: "Finally there is no use attempting to make any satisfactory reform so long as the liquor traffic remains in the hands of private individuals. There must be disinterested management in some shape or form."

National Boarding Schools

By Leonard Hill, M.B., F.R.S.

Mr. Ernest Remnant in his plea for National Boarding Schools has put forward a matter of great importance, in so far as the future of this country depends on the proper upbringing of the children, the basis of national health, vigour, wealth, and happiness. The Labour Party has recognised the need of such schools in country surroundings by founding one, but this school has to be kept going by the subscriptions of sympathisers in addition to the low fees paid by the parents. These belong to classes of operatives commanding wages far below those received by the executive class, or the incomes of merchants, business men, and the leisured rich, who support the expensive public boarding schools and send their children from there on to the universities.

The vast British Empire demands virile emigrants willing to throw themselves into the agricultural development of the wide vacant places of the earth, and breed a race which will require the machinery, boots, clothes, furniture, and luxuries made by those who stay in the old country. Young people brought up in the hothouse atmosphere of cities in tenement dwellings, council schools with no playing fields attached, and cinemas are of little use for the first essential of Colonial development, viz., agriculture. Even if they can do the work they cannot endure the loneliness of up-country life. Their minds have been trained to hunger for the excitements of cities. The present system of national education has been evolved by university scholars, who win the chief posts in the Civil Service, by men and women of sensitive temperament with their instincts and pleasures centred in the intellectual and artistic sides of human activity; brought up under such a system clever children naturally turn away from agriculture to city life, seeking intellectual pursuits and those artificial excitements which diminish the rude vigour of health and tend

to make a neurotic nation. If the civilised people of the world turn, as they are doing, more and more from agriculture and cease to enslave, or fail to exploit the work of, native races, the world in the end must go short of food. It is no good turning out more and more manufactured articles of adornment and amusement if food fails, the prime source of wealth. Fortunately, with the aid of modern agricultural instruments comparatively few men can raise vast crops of corn and herds of cattle on the prairies and alluvial fields of the world. On the other hand, dairy produce, milk, butter, eggs, green stuffs, roots, and other vegetables and fruits require cultivation in which many can find employment and happiness both at home and in the Dominions. These foods are the great source of those subtle principles, the vitamines, which are necessary to ensure growth and protect from infection, principles which children most seriously lack when brought up in cities very largely on white bread, sugar, tea, and nut-butter margarine, which, be it noted, are all artificially separated, not natural whole, foodstuffs. Preventive medicine must be a great object of the future, to prevent disease and so stop the enormous waste of money now going on in attempts at curing disease, or in affording shelter for the diseased, in hospitals, sanatoria, and asylums. Much is made by eugenists of the breeding of the right stock, but anyone who with open mind has visited, as the writer has, scores of factories and seen thousands at work in various trades in different parts of the country must form the opinion that the worth of the stock does not vary very greatly between the executive and operative classes. Interbreeding has been widespread, and there are just as many clever people, and just as many average ones, and just as many fools to be found in one class as another. One cannot breed a wise man by the intermarriage of fools, but how important nurture is in the matter of health and the securing of inborn qualities of efficiency is shown by the effect of taking rickety, tubercular, or weakly children, the products of dark tenements and an ill-chosen diet, and putting them into a sanatorium such as Treloar's at Alton, where they get abundance of sunlight, open air, exercise, and good natural foods rich in vitamines. Miracles are thus performed in turning miserable, deformed, and

debilitated children into healthy, vigorous, and happy ones. It has been shown that all the various monstrous modifications of goldfish fancied by breeders have arisen by mutations, of a pathological kind, brought about by the breeding of the fish in China since the thirteenth century in small pots or pools of unclean water in dark places. By means of X-rays playing on breeding mice mutations have recently been made to arise in their offspring, *e.g.*, the absence of one kidney, and these mutations appear to be inherited. Thus by interbreeding the offspring mice have been born without any kidney at all, and therefore, of course, unable to survive. The mutations, be it noted, are the result of bad conditions acting during embryonic development, and such can, it appears, be transmitted by the interbreeding of those animals, which show similar mutations. It is easy to alter the environmental conditions of cold-blooded animals bred from eggs in a watery medium; far more difficult is it to do so in the case of animals bred in the shelter of the mother's womb, but here X-rays have come in as a means of producing the necessary deep-seated nocuous influence.

It is affirmed by eugenists that the best of the nation artificially restrict their breeding, while the worst, indifferent to improving their conditions of life, which cannot be much worse, and ignorant of contraceptive methods, or too poor to purchase these, continue to breed without restraint. Far too little is made, however, of the influence of diet and environment on breeding power. By keeping animals on a diet sufficient in fuel value but deficient in vitamines breeding power can be greatly lessened, or even in some cases stopped; the offspring born on such deficient diet are weakly, and if kept on the same diet become rickety, infected with microbic diseases, and die. Short daily exposure to ultra-violet rays, either of the sun and blue sky or of an arc lamp, can make good a diet deficient in some two-thirds of the vitamine necessary for growth. Screens of window glass, clothes, and smoke polluted atmospheres rob the city children of this protective action of the ultra-violet rays of sunlight, while smoke pollution prevents what otherwise might be possible even in city courts, if inculcated by welfare workers, viz., exposure of

children more or less nude to the sun for some part of each sunny day, and the growing of salads in courts, window-boxes, and on roofs, salads of fresh green, young food which are rich in the growth-promoting and protective vitamines. The French and Japanese know the value of salads in the daily menu. The ever-lessening fertility of city folk appears to be due, then, to their artificial diet and confined life more than to the use of contraceptives. The French-Canadian agriculturists are said to have an average birth rate of about 10 per family! A family of half this number is becoming rare in our cities, and there are many who eagerly want children which they cannot beget. The birth rate is rapidly approximating towards the death rate, and if this tendency goes on unchecked the millions of new houses now proposed for building by the Labour Ministry, if built, will eventually not be needed, and the country may ultimately come to have an excessive population of elderly people compared with the young and active bread-winners, while in this case the enormous empty spaces of the British Empire will never be filled with British emigrants and their progeny. While breeding is being notably checked by the artificiality of city life, education in the methods of infant welfare is having a profound effect on infant mortality. The death rate of infants, which was 150, has fallen below 100 per thousand; in a few years it will fall to or below 50. An undertaker has even come into court and attributed his bankruptcy to the action of the infant welfare societies! The expectation of life has thus been put up some ten years, not, be it noted, by the extending of the duration of life of the middle aged, as a late Minister of Health erroneously stated, but by the saving of the premature death of infants and children. The expectation of life of the late middle aged has in truth not been extended in the last fifty years; such is the effect of the stress of city life on the adult, in spite of all the progress in modern sanitation and curative medicine. Noticeable in this respect is the superiority of country over urban populations, a superiority which has held good in spite of improved wages, sanitation, and water supply of towns, and the poverty and indifferent habitations of agricultural labourers. In Westmorland the female baby had an expectation of life at birth some fourteen years greater

than in such an industrial city as Middlesbrough, and a young adult in the county of Surrey some nine years over one in Oldham. Smoke pollution, want of exposure to cool, fresh air and sunshine, deficiency of dairy produce and fresh green foods, fruits, and vegetables, exhausting factory employments in stagnant atmospheres with catarrhal infections arising from crowded city life and microbic pollution of the air, all tell against the townsman.

As babies are being conserved to a vast extent by infant welfare work, it becomes more difficult for young adults to marry and live a normal healthy life. Tenements and flats in big cities are not proper places for rearing children, and the discomfort of a crowded, confined life and the desire for city pleasures and excitements, besides sapping fertility, drive the young people into irregular sexual practices and the use of contraceptives with consequent increase of nervous troubles, ill-health, and unhappiness. In these respects the women suffer more than the men—to bear and rear children is their natural physiological function, and the abuse of natural function cannot be practised without payment being demanded. National boarding schools would ease the problems of life for the young city adult very greatly. The development of the Empire, and the peopling of the home farmland can only be secured by the early dedication of children to education in farm Colonies. The habit of both mind and body for outdoor work and the skill required for such work can only be built up in schools such as Mr. Remnant proposes. Plants reared in a greenhouse cannot stand against rude open-air conditions; they must be hardened off. So, too, children who are reared in cities cannot withstand without training the hard and lonely conditions of open-air work in the fields and prairies. Even those who have grown up used to athletic exercises and have well-developed bodies in spite of a city life have not the mental outlook fitted for emigrants in the up countries of the Empire. They hunger for city excitements. Athletic sports develop powers of short sustained effort and the nervous temperament of the racehorse, while agriculturists require the bodily frame and temperament of the cart horse. Athletics do not make the hard, wiry plodder who can keep on at field work and enjoy nature in solitude from morning to night. We know

that young city men in many cases made good fighters in the Great War, but how many lives were lost from failure to laboriously dig in and to perfect defences, and what splendid reputations were made by the Colonial regiments hardened by their upbringing in open-air life?

The open-air sleeping shelters of the sanatorium require to be used in the proposed national boarding schools, and everything planned to harden children who have been dedicated by their parents to agricultural life in this country or to emigration. Hutments and open-air shelters are not costly. The crops raised at such a school, together with pigs and poultry, should go some considerable way to feed the scholars. For children destined to industrial life there should be other boarding schools where no less perfection of health and training in suitable handicraft should be aimed at, while mind and body are trained in the quickness required of the skilled factory worker rather than in the slow endurance of the field worker, in finding pleasure in communal life rather than in loving the solitude of nature and the beauty of sky, trees, flowers, birds, and animals. The lesson which, above all, requires to be taught is that there is a dignity and worth, health and happiness, in skilled field labour which far transcends that of the typist, clerk, or shopman, to which careers present methods of education and snobbish ideas inevitably impel children. It would be a great thing to turn over to other purposes the expensive and elaborate brick buildings which form the present council schools in cities and carry the children to school in the country. Apart from the proposed national boarding schools, there might be hutment schools and school camps in the suburbs, *e.g.*, in the environs of Epping Forest, and children carried at a cheap rate might fill the empty morning trains returning after conveying business men to town, and the empty afternoon trains going up to fetch business men from town, and so spend their school life in country air and sun, and have the full advantage of playing fields, nature lessons, and horticultural work.

Are the Irish an Inferior Nation?

By "Patricius"

To get a true estimate of one's character and position it is surely good to examine one's conscience. The individual is never benefited who merely discerns his virtues and abilities and ignores his weaknesses and shortcomings.

This is also true of a nation. Ireland's condition to-day, when squarely looked at by Irishmen, cannot be a very encouraging spectacle. That we are on a lower plane, mentally and politically, than surrounding nations must, in the light of facts, be admitted. It may be urged, no doubt, that Ireland's condition to-day is abnormal, and any inference taken therefrom need not be true of Ireland at all times. Wherein exactly is such an inference justified? What has taken place in Ireland recently has, under one aspect or another, happened in the past. English misgovernment is blamed always. Were we not an inferior race there could never have been such a condition of affairs as "English misgovernment."

The history of Ireland has shown a perpetual struggle against invasion and oppression. Why such a continual struggle were one section not, at least, weaker? There could be no oppression unless where a stronger sought to subjugate a weaker. And this is what has happened in the case of Ireland. Her people were inferior, or they never would have been dominated by another nation.

Let us face the issue honestly. Facts must be acknowledged, no matter how much we love our country and wish to see her exalted. Indeed, it is this desire to exalt ourselves above other peoples that gives point to the lamentable confession of failure we must make. "Ireland was a land of saints and scholars when the English were running about painted savages." The question now is: How could an inferior nation of painted savages ever be able to overcome such a superior nation as Ireland is said to have been? The fact is before us: the painted savages

have subjugated this land of saints and scholars, which is a humiliating admission to make.

The domination of Ireland by England is usually said to date from the landing of Strongbow. At that time the population of Ireland was practically equal to that of England. Moreover, the Irish boasted military geniuses, and were, to quote *The Soldiers' Song*, "Children of a fighting race." Yet there came an invader who proved himself superior as a military leader. From that time onwards the tyrant (?) ruled, proving his superiority.

Want of unity on the part of the Irish is given as the explanation. Want of unity implies want of intelligence. Nations very low in the scale of civilisation, although they had their tribal wars, were wise enough to unite on the appearance of a common enemy. They did not do this in Ireland, thereby showing a lack of wisdom, or what comes to the same thing, a lack of intelligence.

Were we not mentally inferior there never could have been penal laws with all their attendant horrors. Treachery, cunning, deception, and falsehood of every kind were practised against the Irish, and they were powerless to offer effectual resistance. Why not admit the evident conclusion: our enemies were superior mentally and physically because they beat us down by force of arms?

And here we are to-day standing in a third-rate position as a nation. Internal strife, lack of enterprise, and practical incompetence to develop our resources as a nation are our chief characteristics. The history of the past five hundred years shows our weak spots to consist mainly in a want of initiative and organising power. As the servants of other nations, Irishmen have achieved much. When controlled and stimulated by others, Irishmen have proved the old adage that "good servants make bad masters." In other words, they act better when ruled by someone other than themselves. The Irish brigade in France, including men like Patrick Sarsfield, would never have been famous had they been fighting in their own country. They were good troops, but their numbers did not include men capable of good generalship.

And this is true of Irishmen in other walks of life. Organised and controlled by leaders different in race, they acquit themselves creditably. Managers tell us that Irish-

men are good workmen, but are unreliable as managers or overseers. Here, then, is their second or even third-grade quality revealed. Left to themselves, we see what has happened. Strife, dissension, want of order, absence of progress, and all other kinds of disaster following upon incompetence.

Weakness of moral fibre is also seen in the Irish race when they leave their native environment. How soon they assimilate the vices of those they mingle with and lose the virtues they thought they possessed before they left home, almost any priest resident in a large city will tell you. They fall away (not all of them, of course, but a large proportion) from the practice of their faith, and, despite the efforts of the clergy, are lost to the Church. This susceptibility to fall away from life-long teaching proves a lack of moral rectitude and stability. When true gold is tested by acid it resists the corroding influence, but if the metal is base in quality it becomes black and its particles begin to break up and lose all cohesion. This comparison is very apt when applied to the Irish race. Whilst no adverse circumstances arise all is well, but when the test is applied, how many of them show real gold?

Surely moral weakness is abundantly evident when giving way to intemperance has been characterised as the national vice of Ireland. Else why such a campaign as that carried through by Father Mathew, the great temperance reformer? Why such mottoes as "Ireland sober, Ireland free," which can be seen displayed in halls belonging to societies like the League of the Cross? This reference to intemperance is not made in order to belittle the Irish people, but merely to show that there is an inferiority of calibre somewhere in the Irish constitution.

What might almost be termed another national vice is pride—pride of race and country. "Irish and proud of it." Why so much pride? We Irish are no better than other people; we are quite commonplace dwellers on the earth. Why this exaltation of Ireland and all appertaining to it? Compared with other nations we are, at the very best, on an equal footing. Yet we cannot say this when speaking of England. Twist and wriggle as you will, it must be confessed that England is top dog, and that should sober our enthusiasm when glorifying the land of heroes.

Perhaps God has used England as an instrument to cut down that pride and spirit of boastfulness so well known in regard to Ireland. It would be more sensible did we acknowledge our inferiority and endeavour to make the best of what we have. If Ireland means to continue a home of peace and security for its children, then she must agree to England's conditions. England has the power to enforce her will, and why run our heads against a stone wall? There is no degradation in accepting reasonable conditions—as those in relation to the Free State undoubtedly are—offered by a power we are unable to resist. To talk about dying rather than to submit to circumstances is sheer nonsense and merely bears out what has already been said about those who take up this attitude being stunted in intelligence. The time has come for plain speaking by Irishmen to Irishmen. Away with this humbug about outraging the glorious traditions handed down by our forefathers, who lived in totally different circumstances from those which surround us. What was good for them may be bad for us. Take the best we can get now and plan and work for better, and give up all thought of obtaining by force liberties and privileges that God in His providence seems to have denied to us.

The Importance of the Classics in Education*

By the Right Hon. Viscount Finlay, LL.D.

My first and most pleasant duty is to return my thanks to you, the members of the Scottish Classical Association, for the honour you have done me in electing me as your President. Whatever may be my deficiencies for the post, I possess at least one qualification, and that is a profound sense of the value of the Classics in Education. I am proud to fill the Chair of such an Association as yours, particularly at a time when there is so much discussion as to Classical study and, indeed, when we may be said to have arrived at a critical point as regards the future of Classical education in this country.

Perhaps the best preface to my address may be found in the works of an author to whom many of us turn for instruction as well as for amusement, Sir Walter Scott. It will be in the memory of all of you that Colonel Mannering visited Edinburgh and there made the acquaintance of Mr. Pleydell, who may be taken as an embodiment of the characteristics in the eighteenth century of that noble profession, the Bar of Scotland. Mannering was shown into the library of Pleydell's house; what follows I give in Scott's own words:

> It was a well-proportioned room, hung with a portrait or two of Scottish characters of eminence by Jamieson, the Caledonian Vandyke, and surrounded by books, the latest editions of the best authors, and, in particular, an admirable collection of Classics.
>
> "These," said Pleydell, "are my tools of trade. A lawyer without history or literature is a mechanic, a mere working mason; if he possesses some knowledge of these he may venture to call himself an architect."

The man who wrote these words was himself the greatest of the romanticists, and no one will suspect him of any undue devotion to the Classics as such. I hope that they form not a bad text for an address on the subject which I have chosen. I am certain that the sentiments

* Address delivered to the Scottish Classical Association. Republished by kind permission.

which Scott puts into the mouth of Pleydell are true of the profession which Pleydell followed, to which I myself have the honour to belong, and I think we shall find that they are capable of a much more extensive application.

What is the aim of education worthy of the name? May I answer in the words of one whose mastery of expression is the envy and despair of all who read him, John Henry Newman? In the volume entitled *The Idea of a University* * he says:

> Our desideratum is . . . the force, the steadiness, the comprehensiveness, and the versatility of intellect, the command over our own powers, the instinctive yet just estimate of things as they pass before us, which sometimes indeed is a natural gift, but commonly is not gained without much effort and the exercise of years.

All that is worth having can be got only by labour, and labour is not only the means to an end, but in itself is invaluable:

> Pater ipse colendi
> Haud facilem esse viam voluit, primusque, per artem
> Movit agros, curis acuens mortalia corda,
> Nec torpere gravi passus sua regna veterno.

We hear much nowadays of "soft options." The phrase is almost as detestable as the idea. Those who look out for "soft options" not only miss the discipline which in itself is the most valuable part of education, but fail to attain any result worth having. And we believe that for a training which will yield as its fruit that temper of mind and well-balanced judgment which Newman held out as the object of all education, there is no instrument more effectual than the study of the Classics. There is no royal road to learning. Difficulties are made to be overcome, the way is not easy, but the training in itself is invaluable, and the student will find that in the Classics he has his reward, apart altogether from the value which they have as necessary for any liberal profession.

The controversy as to Classical education has gone on in Scotland for wellnigh a century. Lord Cockburn in his *Journal*, writing in October, 1834, laments that in Scotland the tide was setting steadily against Greek and Latin, and that they were being driven out by the acquisition of "useful knowledge." One result, he says, was "that the want of a long and early steeping in these lan-

* Preface, p. xvi.

guages would be a great loss to the public and to the individuals who vainly imagine that avoiding these is acquiring knowledge of the other things, with which they are deluded, or if it were, these could be any equivalent for the soul that is lost in the loss of Classical taste and elevation." * The fortunes of the fight over Classical education have fluctuated; there has been much to make the friends of Classical education anxious as to its fate in Scotland and in England. But there are, I believe, symptoms that the tide has turned.

Of course a great deal depends upon the way in which these Classical languages are taught. Lord Cockburn gives a melancholy picture of the inefficiency of the teaching of Latin and Greek at school and in college in his time. He went from the High School to Edinburgh University in 1793, and he says, speaking of his start in University life:

> My first class was for more of that weary Latin; an excellent language if it had been got. For, all I have since seen, and all I felt even then, has satisfied me that there is no solid and graceful foundation for a boy's mind like classical learning grammatically acquired. . . . It is not the mere acquaintance with the two immortal languages that constitutes the value, though the value of this is incalculable, but the early discipline of the mind, by the necessary reception of precise rules of which the use and reasonableness is in due time disclosed. But the mischief was that little Latin was acquired.†

The reasons for maintaining the study of Latin as a part of our educational curriculum are not far to seek. In the first place, some knowledge of Latin is essential for the real understanding of the English language itself. Our language has sprung from a Teutonic stock, but it owes a great deal to the influence which Latin has exerted upon it directly and still more through the medium of Norman-French. The robustness of the English language bears witness to the stock to which it belongs, but I think that no one can compare a page of English prose with a page of German prose without being sensible of the fact that English owes a great debt to the Latin element in clearness, in vigour, in directness.

It is certain that the appreciation of Classical literature is essential to the right understanding of much of the best

* *Journal*, vol. i., p. 73.
† Cockburn's *Memorials*, new ed., p. 17.

in English literature. There is, of course, a great deal in our English literature which is so native in its tone and texture that it may be thoroughly appreciated with little or no knowledge of the Classical languages. But much remains which can be enjoyed only by those who possess the key which a knowledge of Classical literature supplies. The poetry of Shelley and of Tennyson, for example, is to a great extent steeped in the Classics. Whole chapters of English literature must remain a sealed book to those whose Classical education has been neglected.

Latin is indeed the language of Empire and of Law. It is the greatness of Rome that forms the subject of Virgil's masterpiece :—

> Now thy Forum roars no longer, fallen every purple Cæsar's dome,
> But thine ocean-roll of rhythm sounds for ever of Imperial Rome.

In those lines our great poet of the Victorian age gives us, in a single stanza, the key to the fascination which the *Aencid* has so long exerted over the world. But virile as is the *Aeneid*, there are not wanting in it passages of inimitable tenderness and pathos :—

> Sunt lacrimae rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt.

There seems to be some mysterious charm in that line to which it would be difficult to find a match in literature.

And in Latin literature there is not absent a still higher element. May I bring to your memory the striking passage in which the greatest of Roman orators found the secret of the greatness of his own country? It is a passage remarkable in itself and which has a remarkable history. Words spoken by Cicero, and quoted by Bacon, to explain the true foundations of national greatness must command attention in every age. Allow me to recall the concluding words of Bacon's essay upon Atheism :—

> So man when he resteth and assureth himself upon divine protection and favour, gathereth a force and faith which human nature in itself could not obtain; therefore, as Atheism is in all respects hateful, so in this that it depriveth human nature of the means to exalt itself above human frailty. As it is in particular persons, so it is in nations; never was there such a State for magnanimity as Rome. Of this State hear what Cicero saith [I give the quotation in Whately's translation, slightly altered] : Let us be as partial to ourselves as we will, Conscript Fathers, yet we have not surpassed the Spaniards in numbers, nor the Gauls in strength, nor the Carthaginians in shrewdness, nor the Greeks in the Arts, nor, lastly, the Italians themselves and Latins in the home-bred

and native intelligence which characterises this race and country, *but we have excelled all nations and peoples in piety and religion and in this one wisdom of fully recognising that all things are ordered and governed by the power of the immortal gods.*

May I quote these last words in Cicero's own language?—

Pietate ac religione atque hac una sapientia, quod deorum immortalium numine omnia regi gubernarique perspeximus, omnes gentes nationesque superavimus.

Is there not a lesson for the present time in these words? Is not the source of national greatness revealed in this sentence?

The genius of Rome abides with us—it permeates our literature; on it our law is based. It has stamped itself on the very physical features of our country. For many centuries the only roads worth speaking of in our Island were remains of the Roman roads, which seemed as though they had been built for eternity. Even at the present day it is a lesson in history to trace the line of Watling Street from Dover through London on its way to Chester and the North. Few more inspiring journeys can be made than that along the course of the Roman wall which in the wilder parts of Northumberland still remains as a monument of the Roman Empire, and on which the pedestrian can walk for miles and hear in imagination the challenge of the Roman sentinel.

The case for making Latin the normal groundwork of a liberal education is indeed overwhelming. If Latin is in any danger, this is due to an uneasy feeling that the years spent in its study too often yield but scanty fruit, visible and palpable, in the shape of real grasp of the language. A boy spends very many years at the most receptive period of his life in the study of Latin, and in many cases, at the end of his Classical education, he cannot read with pleasure a page of unseen Latin. I do not say that he has not benefited by the training through which he has passed—far from it—but should we not be in a far stronger position in defending the study of Latin if we could say that the language is really acquired in a greater number of cases? The object of all education is, undoubtedly, not so much to impart information as to train the mind. As it has been put in the course of the discus-

sions on Classical education which have recently taken place in France, where the tide has turned in favour of the Classics, the real object of general culture is to teach the pupil how to learn: *apprendre à apprendre*. It may be hoped that this is the case even where the result of ten years' study of the Classics in youth results in little Latin and less Greek. But surely the training of the mind would be much more effectively carried out if a greater number of boys really learned these languages on which all our culture is based. The real danger to the future of Classical education is the paucity of palpable results from all the teaching through which our boys pass.

Might not something be gained if in our educational system we did not insist on treating Latin as a thoroughly dead language, so thoroughly dead that the good old practice of speaking Latin in the Latin class had fallen almost into utter desuetude? Our effort should be, as far as possible, to teach Latin as a living language should be taught. I am informed that this has been tried with great success at the Perse Grammar School in Cambridge.

Perhaps it may be said for our educational methods that they have had at least the merit of consistency. We renounce that advantage which we might derive in the study of the so-called dead languages by putting a little more life into it. And when languages which beyond all question are living are taught in our schools, they are too often taught as if they were dead. I remember many years ago discussing with a professor, now no more, the subject of a School for Modern Languages at the University. The suggestion was made that in any such School every student who wished to take a degree, or to compete for honours, should, in the first instance, be required to show that he had a good working knowledge of the language, say French or German, so that he could conduct a conversation upon any ordinary subject in that language. The answer was, "We don't want 'Courier French.'" It has always seemed to me that it is a profound mistake to brand, as if it were ignoble, the use for ordinary purposes of any language which you are studying. Years ago I happened to hear of an illustration of the results of such a system. A young man who had taken honours in French at a University, and who happened to be stationed in Africa not very

far from Lake Tchad, was for some days thrown into the company of a French mission which had crossed the Sahara. He could not understand their French, and they could not understand his.

Let me not be misunderstood. I do not depreciate the value in education of the study of Latin grammar. Let me again quote Newman :—

> I hold very strongly that the first stage in intellectual training is to impress upon a boy's mind the idea of science, method, order, principle, and system; of rule and exception, of richness and harmony. This is commonly and excellently done by making him begin with grammar; nor can too great accuracy or minuteness and subtlety of teaching be used towards him, as his faculties expand, with this simple purpose.*

What I say is, let the two things go side by side, the study of rules and principles, on the one hand, and their application in the use of the language *vivâ voce* as well as in writing, on the other. The study of grammar will be materially helped by giving the pupil the opportunity of seeing, in the course of daily use of the language, illustrations of the principles which he has learned. The occasions on which Latin can be used in ordinary life for the purpose of conversation will, of course, be few and far between; Latin once was, but is no longer, the language in which the scholars of different nations converse. I find recorded in Dr. Sandys' *History of Classical Scholarship* † an anecdote of Scaliger, the great scholar, which illustrates at once such a use of Latin and the difficulties which at the beginning of the seventeenth century already attended the different pronunciations of that language. The passage is this :—

> At Leyden, in 1608, Scaliger received a visit from an eminent English scholar, and after listening to his Latin for a full quarter of an hour and finding it as unintelligible as Turkish, was compelled to bring the interview to a close by apologising in perfect good faith for his inadequate knowledge of English.

Dr. Sandys' next paragraph is curious and instructive :—

> The isolation of English had doubtless increased still further by the time of Milton, who holds that "to smatter Latin with an English mouth"

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* *The Idea of a University*, Preface, p. 19.
† Vol. i., chap. xv., p. 234.

is as ill-hearing as Law-French, and recommends that the speech of boys should be fashioned to a distinct and clear pronunciation as near as may be to the Italian, especially in the vowels.*

This allusion to the pronunciation of Law-French relates to an interesting feature of our legal system in England. For many generations after the Norman Conquest the language of our Courts was Norman-French, and a great deal of the language in which the law is expressed is French of the same description. I need not say that in the course of time this Law-French came to be terribly mangled in pronunciation, indeed, it was supposed to be essential that a good lawyer should mispronounce it.

The real reason for encouraging the use of Latin orally by those who are studying the language is that it would afford a most efficient auxiliary in the acquisition of the language.

Of course one difficulty about speaking Latin is the variety of the systems of pronunciation. In my schooldays there were practically only two methods of pronouncing Latin in vogue in this island—the English and the Scottish. The Edinburgh Academy is a Scottish school, but it adhered to the English pronunciation from its foundation in 1824 down to recent years. The Scottish pronunciation was practically identical with that adopted on the Continent, the vowels being pronounced as in Italian, as Milton, no mean authority on such a subject, recommended. Recent reforms resulted in considerable variety in systems of pronunciation. I think it was said by an American scholar, years ago, that he was tempted to regret that they had ever departed from the English pronunciation, as the result had been chaos. I speak with the greatest possible deference on such a subject, but I would ask whether the time has not come when we should have in this island one uniform system in conformity with Continental usage? After all, Latin has never really been a dead language. It has always survived as a living language for ecclesiastical purposes. One may read sometimes in the newspapers of speeches in Latin delivered in ecclesiastical assemblies of the Roman Catholic Church. There is a traditional pronunciation with, of course, some local variations. The Castilian will lisp the *c* and the

* *Ibidem.*

Frenchman will sharpen the *u*. Is it not possible that we should adopt that traditional pronunciation, giving the vowels the Italian sounds and leaving the consonants in peace to be pronounced as they have been for so many centuries? I am a member of the International Court at The Hague, which comprises fifteen members of very different nationalities. If any one brought up on the old English pronunciation had occasion to quote Latin before such a tribunal, he would be wise to read it twice, once with the English pronunciation of the vowel sounds for his own benefit, and a second time with the Italian vowel sounds to make it intelligible to others. But I should never venture to turn Cicero into Kikero, Valerius into Walerius, or Vicissim into Wikissim. It is better to abide by the traditional pronunciation and keep on the same lines with the Continent; attempts to do more would probably have been received with amusement in Augustan circles if they could hear them.

(To be concluded.)

Advertisements

A Reply to Professor Gilbert Norwood

By J. Murray Allison

Editor of "20th Century Advertising"

At first I was rather inclined to think that Professor Gilbert Norwood was out to poke a little innocent fun at advertisements—a subject rich in material for the fun-makers—but, reading his article in The English Review for the second time, I have come to the conclusion that he intended to make a savage attack on a business the elements of which he has not taken the trouble to master.

He tells us that advertising is a superstition and that it is a nuisance to the public.

As a proof of his first assertion he states that "many firms spend more upon advertisement than they can hope to gain." Does Professor Norwood number among his friends or acquaintances any man who advertises? If he does, I defy him to name one who spends money in advertising without "hope of gain." My own experience—and I am personally acquainted with hundreds of advertisers—is that hope of gain is the prime motive that persuades a business man to advertise.

We learn that a certain firm of meat extract makers keep on advertising, not because it is profitable, not because it "hopes for gain," but because it possesses "an advertisement manager and a crowd of clerks who would be out of work if the advertisement machine slowed down." Are we asked to believe that such a concern as Bovril, Ltd., advertises for the purpose of giving employment to "an advertisement manager and a crowd of clerks"?

In another part of his article Professor Norwood says: "Consider the evils wrought by this ludicrous increase of advertisement," but he does not tell us what the evils are. He simply adds: "It is a nuisance to the public," and tells us that the proprietors of Blunt's Milky Toffee insist on "leering" at the public from the column next to "Reviews" or "Financial Notes." Any one of the above-mentioned crowd of clerks will be aware that Blunt,

or any other manufacturer of toffee, would dismiss on the spot any of his clerks who allowed his (Blunt's) advertisement to appear next to "Financial Notes." And why the word "leer"? Is not the use of that word a little ill-natured?

There is nothing particularly unpleasant in the picture of a couple of youngsters engaged in a pillow fight associated with an advertisement of a mattress. This picture, however, draws the following from Professor Norwood: "Bah! It makes me ill to see the fellow egging the children on to fill his pockets at my expense." That, also, is an ill-tempered remark, and does not support the assertions which precede it. Indeed, it denies the proposition that money is spent in advertising without hope of gain.

I admit without discussion that certain advertising is vulgar and blatant, but to condemn all advertising because of these isolated instances appears to me to be wholly unwise and unsound. One might as well condemn all poetry because much of it is worthless, or condemn the drama at a moment when it happens to be in the trough of the wave.

Professor Norwood really objects to advertising because certain manifestations of it offend his eye or his susceptibilities. But does his antipathy extend to the publishers' advertisements in *The Times* Literary Supplement or the *London Mercury*? Does he object to the advertisements of the railway companies announcing their time-tables and fares? If he decided to buy a small (or large) country house, would he refuse to read the advertisements in *Country Life*? Has his pleasure, his comfort or his knowledge never been contributed to by advertisements? If he can honestly say that he owes nothing to advertising he must be unique amongst men.

He and thousands of others may imagine that they are immune from the effects of advertising, but they are not. They have only to take the trouble to observe the things they eat and drink, and wear and use every day to realise the part that advertising plays in their lives.

But what Professor Norwood does not realise—and in this respect ninety per cent. of the people of these islands are in the same position—is that advertising, far from being a superstition and a nuisance, is of immense benefit to the people because it cheapens the price of nearly everything

that is produced for the sustenance, comfort and entertainment of mankind. This statement is so definitely opposed to the writings of certain publicists that I seize this present opportunity of amplifying it. Thus:

Mr. A is a bootmaker in a country town of some ten thousand inhabitants. He is one of several. Mr. A and his assistants make each year, say, 2,000 pairs of boots, which is a considerable output for a local bootmaker.

Each pair of boots costs in material and labour the sum of 15*s*. Mr. A sells each pair for 20*s*., his profit being five shillings per pair.

Mr. B is a bootmaker in the same town. He also makes 2,000 pairs of boots per annum. Mr. B is a progressive man and decides to insert a few modest advertisements in the local newspapers. As his trade increases he extends his advertising, and in ten years or so he possesses a plant capable of turning out 100,000 pairs of boots per annum. Mr. B is now in the position of buying his raw materials in large instead of small quantities, and consequently at a much lower price than Mr. A enjoys. He is also enabled to introduce machinery which, without any sacrifice in the way of workmanship, can turn out each pair of boots at a lower cost than can Mr. A and his assistants. In short, while Mr. A still pays 15*s*. per pair in material and labour, Mr. B's boots cost 7*s*. 6*d*. per pair. But Mr. B must dispose of a much larger quantity than Mr. A, so that there must be added to the cost price of Mr. B's boots certain expense items.

The first is the profit Mr. B allows to the retailers who sell his boots (in his own and other towns), which may be in the neighbourhood of three shillings per pair. The second is the sum spent in advertising to make the existence of Mr. B's boots known to the general public. That works out at one shilling per pair. The total cost, therefore, of Mr. B's boots is 11*s*. 6*d*. per pair. Mr. B's boots are sold to the public at 15*s*. per pair, just five shillings cheaper than Mr. A's.

Remember that the quality of B's article is identical with that of A's. B is enabled to turn out a pair of boots cheaper than A because he buys his raw materials at cheaper prices and also manufactures at lower costs. At any rate, the public benefits to the tune of 5*s*. in 20*s*. The whole business is made possible only by advertising.

Again:

Mr. X is a lamp maker. He makes one hundred different kinds of lamps of all shapes and sizes, of different materials. The public demand a different kind of lamp in different districts where a certain type has become the fashion. The particular lamp asked for in one district is no better than that which is fashionable in another, but the people have developed certain definite ideas of what they want, and Mr. X must supply what is required. Mr. X turns out, in round figures, 100,000 lamps, an average of 1,000 each of 100 varieties. So wide is the range of these varieties that twenty or thirty different kinds of machines are necessary for the purpose of manufacture. Half of these machines are idle half the time because of the ebb and flow of the demand for so many types of lamps.

The raw material, differing widely in accordance with the varieties of types, is purchased in small quantities. The average cost of each lamp is 20*s*. Mr. X adds a profit of 2*s*. per lamp for himself. As the lamps are not advertised, therefore not known by name, the retailer—the man from whose shop the lamps are sold—demands a good profit on each lamp, no less than 5*s*., so that the public pays on the average 27*s*. per lamp.

Now Mr. X knows that for practical purposes one type of lamp is as good as another. He knows that "fashions" have taken root here and there, and he knows that if all the people who bought 100,000 of 100 different types could be persuaded to buy one type, his costs would come down enormously. He therefore selects one type of lamp, installs machinery to make only that type, and buys the raw material necessary for the making of that type in large quantities at much lower costs than hitherto.

Owing to these economies he makes 100,000 lamps of one type at 12*s*. 6*d*. or even less. He uses advertising to tell the public why the one type he has selected is the type they should buy. The sum allocated for that purpose is £5,000, or 1*s*. per lamp. Adding his usual profit of 2*s*. per lamp, the total cost is 15*s*. 6*d*. As the lamp is now an advertised and known article, the retailer must be content with a smaller profit, say 2*s*. 6*d*., so that the public buys the lamp for 18*s*. instead of 27*s*. The saving to the public is made possible only by advertising.

Further, Mr. B the bootmaker, and Mr. X the lamp maker, brand their products with their respective trade marks, thereby committing themselves to keep up quality. For both Mr. B and Mr. X will speedily realise that the public will demand that the quality of branded articles must be maintained. The manufacturer of unmarked and unadvertised merchandise is not committed upon this matter of quality. Since no one knows who makes the unnamed product, there is no "come back" upon the maker of them if the quality is lowered.

Again, the branding and advertising of all classes of products is the only method by which the maker of honest stuff may fight shoddy, either imported or made here.

Still again, the manufacturer who names and advertises his goods is in a position to name the price at which they are sold, thus protecting the public from rapacious retailers. Retailers selling unnamed products may charge any price they think they can make the public pay. The price of most advertised lines is known to the public, and it cannot be increased by retailers.

It will be seen that in the two commodities instanced —boots and lamps—advertising enables the manufacturer to maintain what is known as "mass production." Each unit under this system is produced at a lower price. Each unit reaches the public at a lower price. The public is protected in the matter of quality by the brand or trade mark which is at once the manufacturer's protection and an assurance to the public. The price that the public are asked to pay is decided by the manufacturers, and in this the public enjoys a further protection.

In the limited space at my disposal it is impossible to do more than outline briefly and, I fear, somewhat baldly, the benefits that advertising confers upon those who use it as a means of lowering costs of production and distribution, and upon the general public.

I repeat that because certain advertisers use their space crudely, that in itself is no reason why advertising should be condemned.

In conclusion, I suggest that when distinguished men of letters set out to attack advertising, it would be well for them to take the trouble to find out something about the subject. Then these contributions might, and probably would, be of some value.

Jack London

By Stephen Graham

"How strange!" exclaimed Alexander Kuprin in 1911, "America has produced a new genius; giftless America, the land of the dollar, has given us a new writer." But is it not stranger still that gifted Russia, in the period from 1911-1924, has produced no new writer, has indeed given the world nothing but her sighs? America has brought forth Eugene O'Neill, Vachel Lindsay, Carl Sandburg, Sinclair Lewis, Hergesheimer, but Russia remains silent. America has many authentic voices, but Russia has to repose on her great past, her Dostoieffsky, her Gogol, her Turgenieff, her erring Tolstoy. It is easier for a great people to express its genius in a state of comfort such as obtains in America than when its life-blood is flowing away in civil struggle.

Jack London has his counterpart in foreign literature; he was America's Maxim Gorky, he was her H. G. Wells; not so much of a tramp as Gorky, not so much of a suburban child as H. G. Wells; but these were his types. He was a voice out of the depths, out of the unknown life of the people. His struggle from illiteracy to self-expression was a Herculean one. It is told in his *Martin Eden*, which is his best human study. Deck hand, beach-comber, gold-seeker, bar-room supporter and lounger, he tells how he purified his soul and his language, how he used his own ambition, and how he used the public libraries and the bright inspiration of Californian girls, and determined to break through the crust which divides nether from upper world in modern civilisation.

Gorky has said the worst work he ever did was in a bakery in Kazan. Jack London's worst was in a hotel laundry: "Out on the broad verandahs of the hotel men and women, in cool white, sipped iced drinks and kept their circulation down. But in the laundry the air was sizzling. The huge stove roared red hot and white, while

the irons moving over the damp cloth sent up clouds of steam."

The laundry drove him to drink, and drink drove him back to sea, and a restless ambition drove him from the sea back again to civilisation and public libraries and educated people. Then he dropped his "I weres," drank root beer instead of rum, gave up smoking, devoured the works of Herbert Spencer, and wrote three thousand words a day of unsaleable copy for newspapers and magazines. He failed of success, not through lack of grammar, but because of "nasty" subjects and unhappy endings and because editors had no vision of his capabilities. He learned to share the common bitterness of the young about editors: "The chief qualification of ninety per cent. of all editors is failure," he wrote. "They have failed as writers. Don't think they prefer the drudgery of the desk and the slavery to their circulation and the business manager to the joy of writing. They have tried to write and have failed. Every portal to success in literature is guarded by those watch-dogs, the failures in literature. . . . If I fail as a writer I shall have proved for editorship." Not, of course, a true judgment, but possessing some mordant truth. But there never were so many truly able editors as in Jack London's day.

Jack London was a feminine man, not what is called a "man's man." He became exalted in his writing, at times nearing an hysteria more natural to the female than to the male. The women characters in his books voice his own thoughts about himself. The Oakland shop-girl saw in Big Bill Roberts the inexpressible:—

> She saw in him deeps and intensities, all the magic connotations of temperament, the glimmer and hint of rages profound, bleakness as cold and far as the stars, savagery as keen as a wolf's and clean as a stallion's, wrath as implacable as a destroying angel's, and youth that was fire and life beyond time and place. She was awed and fascinated, with the hunger of woman bridging the vastness to him, daring to love him with arms and breast that ached to him, murmuring to herself and through all the halls of her soul, "You dear, you dear!"

This of Big Bill Roberts, the champion heavyweight, who murdered English so outrageously—a very sweaty piece, a heavy lump of Adam's clay. It is a certain sort of woman in the presence of her lover. London loved himself. It is London, hysterically admiring London.

Again in *Martin Eden*:—

> He was as a harp; all life that he had known, and that was his consciousness, was the strings; and the flood of music was a wind that poured against these strings and set them vibrating with memories and dreams. He did not merely feel. Sensation invested itself in form and colour and radiance, and what his imagination dared it objectified in some sublimated and magic way. Past, present, and future mingled; and he went on oscillating across the broad, warm world, through his adventure and noble deeds, to Her—aye, and with her, winning her, his arm about her, and carrying her on in flight through the empery of his mind.

To the reticent Englishman and self-restrained New Englander there is something almost indelicate in his emotional extravagances. They look at him as they do at a loud-talker. It is not merely that he belonged to the rude, rough West. It is not simply the spirit of the guffawing indiscreet. But his glands swelled as he excited himself. Each new paragraph intoxicated him to the indiscretion of his next new paragraph. He slobbered, he raved, he hurt his hand on the bar-room table. The strange thing is that his words under these circumstances were neither drivel nor ravings. He made emotional discoveries of new continents; at times he flared up with the philosophical genius of a Coleridge.

A strange, outlandish human being, and yet acceptable. His books are neither burned, nor do they collect dust. He is accepted in Russia, England, Germany; he is greatly read in France. He has success because he is so remarkable. In European libraries he seems unique. I suppose, however, that in California he was less remarkable than elsewhere. He was louder than California, but he intuitively understood the spirit of California and gave it voice; also intuitively, like a woman, understood America through California and the West, and spoke for her. He pronounced a clear ideal, a Californian ideal, an American ideal, the ideal of a clean, straight man, every bit *white*, a St. Paul or Jesus Christ in the boxing ring with all the force of a Jack Johnson; a man of the people, rough of word, but sure of heart; a broad, liberal reader, but speaking a generous slang, clear of eye, shrewd in judgment; a captain of men, a man always out for right, yet ready to play everybody's game and beat them at it.

Burning Daylight, *The Valley of the Moon*, and *Martin Eden* all endeavour to present in the flesh the

American ideal, the perfect warrior which every American in arms (and who is not) would wish to be.

Daylight, the Klondyke King, the super-animal who uses up two Indians a day; a man with a hunch for hidden gold, for the "Mother lore"; a man who can lift and swing nine hundred pounds, who can throw the other husky pioneers of Alaska about like skittles, is a man who is also a divine gambler. "I'd gamble all the way from Creation to the Day of Judgment," says he. "I'd gamble a golden harp against another man's halo; I'd toss for pennies on the front steps of the New Jerusalem, or set up a faro lay-out just outside the Pearly Gates; but I'll be everlastingly damned if I'll gamble on love." "Damned in any case," says the European reader, and smiles laconically. Such men as Burning Daylight do not exist, but the brag exists, the "talking big" exists. It is not the spirit of New England. Jack London is a foreigner in Boston. But it is the desire of California; it is the voice of the State of "Hell-roaring" Johnson. It is an exaggeration of the spirit of America as a whole, an exaggeration and a burlesque; but it nevertheless holds or held an attention nation-wide.

Jack London had little patience with conventional America, or with the mind of the roller-top desk variety. He professed to be a Socialist, but he would have loathed equally both Lenin and Sidney Webb. He was "Yours for the Revolution." Under the influence of champagne he is said to have been a most eloquent talker about the state of the masses. I think in reality he believed more in life itself than in theories. He wanted his brothers and sisters to have more life. An immense gratitude surged in his own bosom, not gratitude to God, but just gratitude for his own escape from misery and drudgery, for his self-expression, for his name and fame, for his ranch, for his cattle, for his friends. His constant reference to contemporary writers in the course of his fiction is part of his expression of gratitude to the writers of books. He was enormously helped by other people's books. The business of writing no doubt conventionalised his own life not a little, but he never forgot the realities of his youth. If he brought the heroes of his stories to rather absurd conventional ends of "Love in a cottage" and being

"happy ever after," they nevertheless always had their splendid beginnings.

The key book of his writings is the *Call of the Wild*, in which the over-civilised and pampered St. Bernard dog proves that he has in him the supposedly glorious potentiality of becoming a wolf. In all his writings Jack London is changing dogs into wolves and wolves into dogs. In the course of it all London himself becomes a civilised dog reconciled to kennel and master. But he constantly bays at men and the moon to assure them that he is wolf at heart.

The St. Bernard dog whimpering in his sleep was really dreaming of earlier incarnations of himself. London does the same whimpering for Man in *Before Adam* and *Star Rover*, and indeed in many of his studies. The analytical reader may decide that these dreams mostly took place in public libraries, where the author used six tickets at once. His philosophical ideas came out of books rather than out of life. Hence at times his appallingly bookish phraseology. He "inhibits" and "correlates" and "connotates." "I have ten thousand august connotations," says he. "I am King in the kingdom of sense. . . . I knew that I was drunk. . . . Already I was feeling the impact of whiskey. . . . I struggled along heroically, my correlations breaking down, my legs tottering under me." He liked to "posit an idea." How he loved the expression "awareness," which is not truly English, but a piece of philosophers' slang and professional vanity affected in talk by bookish dames. Fancy a dock loafer of San Francisco having an "awareness."

This personal literary weakness he imputed also to the heroes of his stories, and the maniacal captain of the sealer, Wolf Larsen, who trampled men to death yet read Herbert Spencer, quoted Kipling and Milton, and did not fall asleep over Browning. Even Burning Daylight, the wild man of Alaska, was left chanting *Tomlinson*.

That is inartistic and nauseating. One feels that much of London's writing ought to be judged as journalism rather than as literature. He used the fictional form for self-expression, because it gave him most scope. Had he started younger and lived longer he would doubtless have refined his style and his art.

One of the best of his journalistic books is *John Barleycorn*, a novel of personal experience and a tract against alcoholic drink. It was only published in 1913. He tells that he is voting for "Woman's Suffrage," being confident that only through the women's vote will "Prohibition" be achieved. Drink, he admits, was his greatest temptation and danger all through life; he can personify it as an enemy. He did not live to see that enemy worsted in America, but if his own story be true it is not improbable that it worsted him, and that if he had not given way so much to alcoholic excess he would have been less neurotic and emotional, and he would have lived longer and written finer books.

Of him and O. Henry, Carl Sandburg wrote:—

> Both were jail-birds; no speechmakers at all; speaking best with one foot on a brass rail; a beer-glass in the left hand and the right hand employed for gestures. And both were lights snuffed out . . no warning . . . no lingering.
>
> Who knew the hearts of these booze-fighters?

Was Jack London a "booze-fighter"? If one must have recourse to American slang, I prefer to call him a "fire bug." He set the West afire, the flames are still red in the sky.

It would be ungenerous to write words which detract from his fame. He is a living writer. His books will be read when many that are greater works of art will be dust-collecting. He is lesser than Conrad and greater. He is possibly the chief inspiration of one of the greatest who has followed after him, Eugene O'Neill. He is a young man's writer. Between him and youth flies a living spark. He has power to animate and set moving that which is still and immature. His books are worth their place on any young man's bookshelf. He wrote, not for the crusted, the set, the finished, the aged, but for those who have in them the potentialities of new life. In the same way he wrote for the unfinished and not the finished America. He bids the eagles of the West fly on, to use Lindsay's phrase. He is a man with a bugle; an awakener, an annunciator, a wall-shatterer, a herald of dawn, a man standing on a slag-heap, sword in hand and pointing with his sword.

Bacon Pigs and the Humane Killer

By R. O. P. Paddison

Hon. Humane Slaughter Adviser to R.S.P.C.A.

A WRITER in the REVIEW (Mr. H. Baker) lately called attention to the fact that an overwhelming majority of those engaged in the bacon trade are convinced that the present methods of slaughtering bacon pigs are the best for everyone concerned. The fact is beyond dispute, but is no evidence against the humane killer, as nearly the whole trade know little about it. Only a few have given it a fair trial, or any trial at all. When trials take place all defects which are due to improper use of the instrument or to the bad condition of the pig are usually (not always) ascribed to the humane killer. The humane killer is sometimes even used with the deliberate purpose of propping up the contention that it is a failure. That the body of the bacon trade is against it is due chiefly to prejudice and force of habit, to the spread of false and misleading information, also to the fact that the trade is well satisfied with the usual method of slaughter, and has no desire to change it.

During the past year or two some of the bacon curers, aided by the National Federation of Meat Traders—to whose funds a member of a wealthy firm made a contribution of £1,000, as announced in the *Meat Trades Journal*—have stimulated the opposition by an active and rather bitter propaganda, which has included the adoption of measures intended to discourage the use of the humane killer and to suppress free expression of opinion on the part of those connected with the trade who favour it.

That several factory owners, especially the larger ones, would be put to some trouble and initial expense in altering their slaughtering arrangements, that they would have to incur the expense of instruments and ammunition,

and in some cases have to employ a little extra labour during slaughtering hours, may be admitted. These considerations would not justify the holding up of a reform to do away with systematic and severe cruelty, and no doubt for this reason they are rarely advanced publicly.

The chief trade objections put forward are that the use of the humane killer hinders proper bleeding of the carcase, and thereby makes it impossible to produce first-class bacon and hams which will keep well; that it causes "splashing" (*i.e.*, dark spots and patches of suffused blood, resulting from the rupture of small blood vessels and capillaries). But these defects may and do appear when the humane killer is not used, particularly if precautions to avoid them are neglected; and they are equally avoidable or unavoidable whether the humane killer is or is not used. I propose to show by actual results that there is no hindrance to the successful use of the humane killer by bacon curers.

About twelve years ago I was rather closely concerned in getting the humane killer adopted by several bacon curers, pork butchers and pig killers, chiefly in the West of England. They included many who killed only a few pigs weekly, jobbing butchers who killed cottagers' pigs, several of which were wholly or partly cured, as well as some larger bacon curing firms, one of them killing forty to fifty weekly, another seventy to eighty, and a well-known firm, with an established reputation for its products, killing about four hundred weekly. In all these cases the humane killer, having been admitted after a fair trial, has been used ever since, and now continues in operation on every pig slaughtered. The leaders of the bacon trade and of the Meat Traders' Federation know of these firms, and statements made by many bacon curers who use the humane killer figure in the pamphlet *Humane Killing Does not Injure the Meat* (issued gratis by the R.S.P.C.A.).

As all the traders I am referring to use the humane killer voluntarily, it is obvious that they would not—nor could they—continue the method if it were detrimental to business. If their bacon and hams were of inferior quality, or did not keep well, they would have to sell them at reduced prices, or be unable to sell them at all. As a result they would either have to give up the humane killer

or close their business. Many of them send their products to other parts of the country where the humane killer is not used. In or near the very places where they have shops are the shops of other firms who employ the old methods of killing. Thus for many years past the products of both methods have been in competition in the same markets without detriment to traders who use the humane killer. Some of the humane killing firms have earned a reputation for their good bacon, and get more than the usual market prices for it.

The well-nigh universal method of slaughtering bacon pigs is to shackle them by a hind leg and hoist them off the ground head downwards. Bacon pigs weigh 160 to 200 lbs., and often more. This big weight tightens the noosed chain which grips the bone of the foot or the hock, and the pressure is further increased by the animals' struggles. After being hoisted for 20 to 30 seconds or more, according to the smartness of the work, the pig is stuck with a knife, and consciousness usually continues for another 20 to 30 seconds, or considerably longer if the sticking is badly done. During the whole of the time the pig gets no respite from the torture of the shackled limb.

The cruelty of hoisting is conveniently ignored by the advocates of the old method. Mr. Baker, in his article in the REVIEW, does not mention it. Mr. A. E. Marsh, in a pamphlet which has been freely circulated, glosses it over. In describing the killing at his factory he says:—"Our method is to hoist the hogs on an endless chain, and the fact that we are able to slaughter them at the rate of eight to ten per minute shows the rapidity of the operation." The operation may be carried out ever so rapidly in a collective sense, but all the pigs have to be hoisted to the sticking bar, and when stuck they take the usual time to become unconscious.

Advocates of the ordinary method tell us that when a pig is stuck the carotid arteries are severed, thus stopping the supply of blood to the brain and producing unconsciousness within a few seconds. But anyone who has watched the sticking of pigs knows that the theory is only verified in a small minority of cases. Usually the pig continues conscious any time from twenty seconds upwards, occasionally up to two and even three minutes.

BACON PIGS AND THE HUMANE KILLER

In many slaughterhouses the pigs are "benched," that is, they are stuck on a kind of low table. In such cases the pigs are held down for some considerable time to prevent their getting away, or they are allowed to walk about until they drop from exhaustion. I once witnessed a pig escape from the men who were holding him after being stuck, and he was only recaptured as he was about to leave the slaughterhouse door. The sticker on this occasion was an expert who had been selected to demonstrate the method. At the Birmingham demonstration last November, out of sixteen to twenty bacon pigs which were slaughtered by picked men from Messrs. Marsh & Baxter's factory, only four became unconscious within a few seconds. The rest continued shrieking and groaning for another twenty to twenty-five seconds. In the average factory the pigs would suffer longer.

I suggest that the bacon trade is probably making a serious mistake in persisting in a cruelty which violates the most elementary sense of decency in most people who realise it, and which, moreover, could be avoided by the use of the humane killer. The sentiment that animals which are killed for human food and the profit of meat traders should be put to death with the minimum of distress is more likely to get stronger than weaker, and will have to be reckoned with sooner or later. If the Danes, with their keen perception of the requirements of the English market, were at any time to send us supplies of humanely killed bacon and hams (with adequate guarantees), can anyone doubt that these products would have a ready sale? Such a step, fully made known, would arouse the feeling which already exists, although dormant to a great extent. Would it not be better that our home trade should be first in the field? Those societies, therefore, who are initiating a campaign to stimulate a demand for the products of humanely killed bacon pigs are not only helping to protect animals from cruelty and helping people to avoid participating in it, but also probably helping our home industries.

History in the Theatre

By Horace Shipp

Saint Joan. By Bernard Shaw. (New.)
The Conquering Hero. By Allan Monkhouse. (Queen's.)

A WEEK or two since, Mr. Lennox Robinson, dealing in the columns of a contemporary with my exposition of the significance of Galsworthy's *The Forest*, persisted that whatever profound meaning the play might have, it interested him as the stage portrayal of historic happenings, and lamented that the English stage seldom reflected "events which are written about in newspapers." At this juncture it is undesirable to reopen the question of the meaning of Mr. Galsworthy's play, save to assert that the dramatist was himself unconcerned with its historical surface action, but was using that only as a body for the deeper truths which I indicated, as Mr. Galsworthy proved by his subsequent letter to *The Times*, and I refer to the matter here because it opens up this whole question of the treatment of history on the stage, and because the two plays which have created the greatest amount of public attention during the last month in the London theatres have been each in their own way history plays. And they afford excellent illustration of this very difficulty of dealing with recorded facts according to their surface interest or according to their profounder significance. Shaw's *Saint Joan* is added to the growing list of great chronicle plays; and Allan Monkhouse's *The Conquering Hero* stands with *Havoc* as a play of the Great War which has captured the minds of London playgoers.

At first glance there may seem little in common between the two pieces, so widely apart are they in historic period, so utterly different in technical treatment. Yet by a turn of the screw they might have come to us bearing the same interpretation of historic fact. They might so easily both have dealt with God's lonely ones, the outcast leaders in human evolution, whose penetration along paths ahead of their fellows spells their own

ruin and the salvation and progress of the race. That is how history is made. Was it not Emerson who said, "Institutions are the lengthened shadows of individuals"? It is that significant belief which Shaw has presented so wonderfully in his portrayal of Joan; and it is that which Mr. Monkhouse has missed, giving us instead a study of an uninstructive and, I think, unhelpful person, who backs away from the issue which his own mentality raises, and having no affair with destiny other than that which will be laid to rest under his own tombstone.

I realise that this opens one to the charge of demanding that a playwright should write a play other than that which in fact he has written; but the demand in this instance I believe to be justified because in the first two acts of his play Mr. Monkhouse does raise the issues. His problem is the problem of a mind which, because of its pronounced individualism and subtlety, does not react to the mass mind which in August, 1914, united England for war. Christopher for two acts argues that individualist point of view against the cohorts of his relatives and friends. His brother, too, as a minister of the Christian religion, holds war to be wrong, and, we are assured, preaches a sermon against it for which he is discharged from his pulpit. Thus Mr. Monkhouse raises his problem, and we listen attentively in the theatre to hear the pros and cons of a case which is of concern to all people who are interested in the moulding of human history by human thought. It is therefore valid to object to Mr. Monkhouse's play on the ground that his protagonist does not effectively put that case nor live it out. By the end of Act 2 the minister—a sawdusty creature enough who would not have preached a sermon against anything or for anything—has been caught up by the war, and Christopher follows suit. Thenceforward we are only interested in the play as the study of an intelligent coward. That, I grant, need not be unprofitable as Conrad has proved in *Lord Jim*, but our interest in the first issue is wasted. We had been prepared by two acts to see the man who, physical coward if you will, was to argue the dictum that "moral courage is the only kind worth having since gunpowder was invented." We got this realistic study of a rather shoddy human type among a group of equally uninspiring people.

A fine, unquestioning soldier was the only person in that play one wanted to shake hands with. The women were mental peas in a pod; nobody really existed except Christopher, and he didn't matter. Nor was his point of view a representative one, for the only type of Pacifist who is the least likely to influence humanity is not the individual believing himself too fine to fight, but the seer who believes humanity is too fine to fight, and in that belief is prepared to go to the stake if need be for humanity's sake. If Joan of Orleans had believed what Christopher did she would have given her body to be burned for it, and institutions would have crumpled in the fire of her faith and testimony.

That is how Shaw makes his Joan so magnificent a figure. We leave the theatre with our heads as human beings just a shade higher because in the fifteenth century a peasant girl in France showed that the human mind is bigger than the most hopeful of us dare to believe. Critics have wondered why Shaw introduces the long scene where Warwick and the Churchman discuss the impeachment of Joan. Surely that is objectively the issue of the play. New words come into that discussion—words like Protestantism and Nationalism. These terrible, dangerous new thoughts which disintegrated the old power of the Church and that of the Feudal System. Because of Joan, the peasant girl, who in her ignorance would have been unable even to pronounce them.

We know Shaw's belief that humanity moves slowly forward because desire creates will, and will creates Society in its image. Here in Joan he has applied that belief historically. The time was ripe for the old system to pass, and Joan, unwittingly the messenger of the new world which was to evolve from that passing old one, Joan doing what to her was a simple, direct task, rose to the sublimation of will, and through it to the creation of a new Europe. That is the objective facet of the play, and the subjective is like unto it. Joan doing the task which her conscience and inner urge dictate treads that way of loneliness to sainthood. In the wonderful scene after the crowning of Charles, when the followers and admirers even are anxious to settle back into the old life, Joan's urge carries her still forward. Pioneers, O

pioneers, beyond the comfortable camp fires of our slow human movement! And in that epilogue, when the world has accepted her, sainted her, still it does not understand, and she is the lonely, uncomfortable spirit whom both ghosts and men fear and shun. She is restless still to leave her niche, but it is only the saints who stay in their niches who cease to trouble the world's ease.

In Shaw's *Saint Joan* we have a masterpiece, and it would be inevitable anti-climax to comment upon its interpretation were it not that it is so splendidly done. Sybil Thorndike has made it her greatest part, standing even above her Hecuba, Medea, and Beatrice Cenci; and beside her a brilliant company, among which one must name Ernest Thesiger as the Dauphin. Nor should one omit to thank Charles Rickets for his magnificent designs for the dresses and the beauty of the sets, and John Foulds for the music, which, to my mind, so excellently reiterated Shaw's theme.

This acting, this *décor*, brings Joan's world alive. One thinks again to that question of history on the stage. This play, for all the brilliance and beauty of its surface action, is no mere chronicle play; it is the growing pains of the human race, made comprehensible to us that we may the better endure them in our own period and value the growth that they betoken.

Humanity in the Theatre

The Farmer's Wife. **By Eden Phillpotts. (Court.)**

In the catholic art of the theatre there is room for many types, and it is a far cry indeed from Shaw's chronicle play or Allan Monkhouse's war play to the shrewdly amusing comedy which London's Birmingham guests are presenting at the Court Theatre. Mr. Phillpotts himself would not claim greatness for it, but it takes us to that human nature which grows its corn and makes its butter through all the alarums and excursions of what is called history in a world less real than its own. Concerned with the marriage question as Mr. Phillpotts has observed it in his own Devonshire, it brings to the theatre his unsentimental insight into the shrewd wisdom of his neighbours; and presented by the Birmingham Repertory Company makes us glad again that they are visiting London.

Books.

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

TORQUEMADA AND THE SPANISH INQUISITION. By RAFAEL SABATINI. Stanley Paul. 12*s*. 6*d*. net.

"POO-POOH, burn a Jew, burn a dozen, burn two," is the spirit in which the ultra Protestant *Ingoldsby Legends* took the Inquisition, and to-day we are even less responsive to the stimulus of bigotry; we don't even ridicule it, we forget. For this reason one feels that, had Mr. Sabatini given us one of his delightful historical novels on the subject, he would have appealed to a bigger audience; but then it would have been necessary to take sides, an attitude which he avoids, with the sedulous impartiality of the historian, in this careful and workmanlike story of the phenomenal Torquemada, who bent kings and popes to his inflexible will, and devised the subtlest and minutest system of tyranny ever conceived by the mind of man. The policy of "frightfulness" is comprehensible when one remembers that eternal fire and brimstone were articles of faith, and this side of the picture sticks most in our minds. What one sometimes fails to remember is the real threat of Judaising which did exist when converted Jews and their sons were in high office in the State, were even bishops in the church. It was quiet treachery from within the fold at which this terrible martinet of Catholicism aimed his unlimited and horrible ingenuities; and Mr. Sabatini brings out this side of the story with abundant clearness. The unconverted Jew and Mahomedan were safe, if limited in their social ambitions; but the convert, who gained earthly as well as heavenly rewards by professions of conformity, could not be permitted the least margin of trespass from the narrow path. The subtlest brains in Europe were concerned in the matter, so, on this hypothesis, Torquemada's devilish ingenuities were comparable to Shylock's bond the other way on; and, if some innocent Jews suffered, the crown of martyrdom awaited them. Torquemada's inquisition was concerned with this phase alone, although, of course, the Holy Office was established earlier in Christendom, and went on long after with all sorts of heretics, so this study of one of the world's outstanding figures, whilst giving a brief glance at the earlier activities of the Inquisition, concludes with the death of Torquemada and the banishment of the Jew from Spain, and makes a rounded and complete picture of a painfully interesting phase of social history. There are many quaint old prints reproduced, and a portrait of Frey Tomas de Torquemada as a frontispiece.

ANATOLE FRANCE. By JAMES LEWIS MAY. Lane. 15*s*. net.

MR. MAY, as editor of the Bodley Head translations, and himself translator of some of the works, is well qualified to give us this "essay in critical biography," for a critical biography it is, in spite of his personal encounters with M. France, and the privilege of a visit

to his charming home of retirement in Touraine. Of the man himself he tells us little more than the master has himself revealed in his writings, beyond confirming the impression that life, as well as books, has played its part in his development. This is not an anecdotal book as was M. Paul Gsell's; it does not aim at piquant sidelights upon a great personality; what we see of this old man eloquent is the kindly and courteous serenity of a well-earned repose in a charming country home, with his gracious young wife and adored grandson, and this is derived rather from the intimate snapshot illustrations than from any actual statement. Mr. May observes the *convenances*, as a gentleman should, and busies himself with facts which are common knowledge to those with insight. It is, therefore, to his analytical criticisms which we turn, and here, in a manner delightfully musical, with an echo of the prosody of France, we get well-considered conclusions, which, whether we are in full agreement with them or no, are undoubtedly frank and forcible. Mr. May, like a good many others, finds in the short tale and the episodic romance M. France's greatest charm; he traces the series of impersonations from the sentimentally projected, far too good to be true beginnings, through the great series of auto-vocal characters which mark the progressive mind of the master, and gently reproves him for certain lapses in taste when his Puck and his Pan take the bit in their teeth. He also notes the passionate progress of disillusion traceable in the books, selects for us passages of supreme beauty, and concludes with a recognition of the evasive but compelling charm of the something which makes Anatole France supreme. Some "portraits" of distinction rather than distinctness, a list of the writings mentioned, with their dates and a subject index, complete a book of charm and some authority.

THE MAN WHO NEVER UNDERSTOOD. ANONYMOUS. John Lane. *7s. 6d.* net.

THE masked writer has a certain scandalous attraction of mystery, but the worst of anonymity is that it tends to divert the critic's mental activities from appreciation of literary beauties to mere detective work as he tries to identify the stout, middle-aged gentleman who knows so much more about woman than she can ever know of herself. Failing upon this trail, his mind, satisfied that the driving force behind this mass of love letters must have been a real passion, turns to the question of taste in publishing such intensely private and personal documents, and is only more or less satisfied by the old plea that no artistic expression of emotion should be private property. Upon the face of things these vividly nervous letters from a French lady, wrongfully imprisoned as a spy, to the Galahad amongst her temporary British guardians, took a long time to penetrate his insular armour of conscious rectitude. The writer knew that her hero's reserve would need a good deal of breaking down, and that a very gradual and very subtle siege was needed to bring about the brief apotheosis of passion upon which she staked her all. Hence these really remarkable letters, under all their various eagernesses, set out to be an education in sex—the sex—an education rather tainted by the purpose in view, but none the less surprisingly epigrammatic and alert. The lady gains her brief blossoming time and then

chooses euthanasia rather than lesser fulfilments; and so the reader's mind reverts to the theory of an editor mature and masculine behind their rounded completeness—a biologist with a bone from which he has made an extremely interesting animal, a combination of Adam, Eve, and the Serpent, which fascinates.

MASTERS OF ARCHITECTURE. INIGO JONES. By STANLEY C. RAMSEY CHAMBERS. By A. TRYSTAN EDWARDS. Ernest Benn. 10*s.* 6*d.* per volume.

BEAUTIFUL as is the tribute which these volumes make to the masters of English architecture, one cannot help feeling that they fall between being too general in manner and too particular in subject. Neglectful as we are of architecture (how many people know who designed Somerset House?), few of us are likely to wish to acquire these volumes even though their many plates and authoritative letterpress would supply our needs, and, on the other hand, architects themselves will need something more technical than these appreciations. If the volumes of what promises to be an extensive series help to lay a foundation of architectural knowledge and understanding, they will do a noble work, but Messrs. Benn's faith is greater than ours. Their name on the title page ensures the standard of production.

A JACKDAW IN GEORGIA. By W. K. SEYMOUR. Wilson. 5*s.*

PARODY at its worst is buffoonery and impertinence; at its best it is constructive criticism and appreciation; the over-mannered and the insincere may fear it; the true and the beautiful are always above it. W. K. Seymour is himself too profound a lover of literature and poetry to treat it cheaply, and an author hurt by him is an author vulnerable. Thus in this happy volume the facile expressionism of A. S. M. Hutchinson's prose, the objective obscurantism of Edith Sitwell, the tinkling cymbalism of Alfred Noyes go down before his pen, but when he deals with Kipling's prose or De la Mare's poems his parodies pay due tribute to their power. In such sustained performance as his burlesque of Masefield in *The Canal* Mr. Seymour proves himself capable of achieving that true parody which gets beneath surface verisimilitude. Sometimes, as in his Munro piece or in the other Masefield, he depends upon mere inverticism, but most of the parodies in this well-produced volume are as intelligent as they are amusing. It justifies the *genre*.

FICTION.

FREE AIR. By SINCLAIR LEWIS. Cape. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

IN this engaging story, in Mr. Sinclair Lewis's earlier manner, the wheels of chance are four upon each vehicle (not counting the spares), and the trip is no mere dallying from London to the sea, but a spin across the American continent, taking in the Grand Canyon and all the rawness of the great plains. There is no suspicion of plagiarism in this automobile pursuit of beauty by aspiring youth—"Milt Hackett" is far superior stuff to our old friend "Hoopdriver," and the girl, "Claire," is in no need of a deliverer from the arts of the

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In view of the immense interest in Hardy which is now prevalent, this book should supply a definite need. The author has discussed the "Hardy-Universe" with its creator, who, while disclaiming any attempt to supply in his writings a "systematised and warranted philosophy," found himself in fair agreement with the system here presented.

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"Very interesting, very informative, and be it added very opportune."—*Truth*.

THE MOON-ELEMENT: An Introduction to the Wonders of Selenium.

By E. E. FOURNIER d'ALBE, D.Sc., F.Inst.P., Author of "The Life of Sir William Crookes." **10/6** net.

Dr. Fournier d'Albe is an international authority on selenium, and his researches have been rewarded by distinctions conferred upon him by two English Universities. The book gives a popular account of the history of selenium, the theory of its action and its various applications, present and future, with practical instructions for the amateur, and bibliographical lists and references for professional use.

AMONG THE BRAHMINS AND PARIAHS. Memories of Fifteen Happy Years.

By J. A. SAUTER. **10/6** net.

Of the quality and charm of this book one can speak highly without hesitation. The author has seen Hindu life from the inside as few Europeans have done.

CHARLES KINGSLEY. The Work and Influence of Parson Lot.

By W. HENRY BROWN. Illustrated. **3/6** net.

This new life of Kingsley deals fully with the Parson Lot period of his career, and gives a new estimate of his influence on social movements. The author has had access to many original sources of information, and the book will be indispensable to all interested in the Chartist, Christian Socialist, Co-operative and kindred movements.

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seducer—but, somehow, the echo in the mind is set up—an American echo on a much larger scale to match the grandiose pilgrimage. Seattle, the new and ultra civilised, comes into the story; it is indeed the very shrine of the pilgrimage, for here social inequalities loom largest and are, by the aspiring Milt and the lady of his devotion, successfully flattened out. The story of the road gives us a section of a continent, far too dark to us, with vivid actuality, and some very pretty scenes of wayside idyll—but the social complex, when civilisation has been reached, affords Mr. Lewis some fine opportunities for the sort of ironic analysis of modern life in which he picturesquely excels. A lively and diverting history, with the promise in it which *Main Street* and *Babbitt* have begun to fulfil.

THE DREAM. By H. G. WELLS. Jonathan Cape. 7*s*. 6*d*. net.

MR. WELLS' new novel is first and foremost a magnificent vehicle for his moral indignation in face of our warped ethics and confused economics; all the complex unreason and hampering stupidities of what is to us the modern world. This social complex of ours, seen through the eyes of his beautiful Olympians of two thousand years hence, certainly looks shabby and regrettable enough, but "dear, damned, delightful London" and Mr. Wells' *pays de connaissance* get an added interest of evil in this master storyteller's tale. "Sarnac," who lives through a life of to-day in a fevered dream, caused by a slight infection from twentieth-century remains, relates his experiences as one James Mortimer Smith to his dear comrade "Sunray" and some casually met folks round the fire of a mountain resthouse. All this enviable company know something of the bygone world, but "Sarnac's" realism astonishes them, as in a minor degree it astonishes us. Smith's humble beginnings and the driving force of ambition which carries him into an educated and gentle world are described with sure sympathy and delicate irony, whilst Sarnac's telling comments on such sacrosanct subjects as racing, hunting, and shooting, make us wince and smile at the same moment. It is, of course, the survey of current life conditions implicit in the story which gives it its deepest point, and Mr. Wells ends on a note of tranquil elevation when he makes the god-like Sarnac suggest that the dream we are all dreaming is not an incurable nightmare, but a dream within a dream from which we shall surely awake when the poison has worked out of us—no baseless fabric of a vision, but a step upon the stair of ascent, faltering, but spurred on by hope.

IN QUEST OF EL DORADO. By STEPHEN GRAHAM. Macmillan. 12*s*. net.

IN this his latest book Mr. Stephen Graham has tried to do two things at once, and it says much for his versatile competence that he has succeeded. On the face of it, we have here a volume of modern travel, an account of the things of to-day seen by one who has an observant eye and a ready gift for enabling readers to see for themselves. Spain, the Indies, New Mexico, Panama, the United States, and Mexico are severally traversed and depicted in bold, rapid strokes.

It is a kaleidoscopic scene. A Porto Rico that is "dry" is set against a Cuba that is politically corrupt. Cowboys "bull-dogging"

and Indians war-dancing exercise for our delight. We see the working of the Panama Canal, and are conducted to the Grand Canyon, and in Mexico City almost hear the shot that killed the author's friend, Wilfrid Ewart. Names such as Alice Corbin and Vachel Lindsay, D. H. Lawrence and H. G. Wells and Lytton Strachey, Hearst and the Ku Klux Klan and "Mr. Babbitt" meet the eye on almost every page.

Such is the web of the narrative, but through it all runs the woof of the past. As Mr. Graham explains: "This study of the quest of El Dorado is mostly on the trail of the Spaniards." He sailed from Cadiz in the track of Columbus to Porto Rico, and then among the islands that Columbus introduced to the Old World. At Panama he climbed a peak in Darien in September, because it was in that month that Balboa first stared at the Pacific with a wild surmise more than four centuries before. In Kansas, more blessed than Coronado and his followers in 1541, he found the golden kingdom of Quivira. To him "Mexico City refuses to correspond to any type of civilisation. It is still the city of the Pyramid of Huitzilopochtli," as it was to Cortes.

If the author could have seen his way to add an index, our gratitude would have been even greater than it is for this eminently readable book.

THE DAY BOY. By RONALD GURNER. Grant Richards. 7*s*. 6*d*. net.

THERE is so much actuality in Mr. Gurner's book that it has some of the authentic force of autobiography, a quality which gives zest to the narration, and points to its underlying aspiration towards the perfect state. The day boy, "Jim Strang," goes from elementary to secondary school, where he is fortunate in gaining the interest of the ex-Eton Head and ex-public school history master, both on the look-out for the stuff of which scholars are made. He goes on to Oxford and a mastership in a big public school, but comes back to his launching place, the Stockham secondary, to carry on the work of redemption. The developments and spiritual adventures of this working-man's son in the newer and larger world, and his reactions to its prejudices, shibboleths and ideals, are very thoroughly done, with plenty of sharp and witty characterisation and crisp pictures of school, 'Varsity, and public school life. Jim is a strongly drawn character, but the real hero of the story is the secondary school master, who sends him out to learn his lesson and find his place in the scheme of his idealistic futurism, the interpenetration of foundation and Council education; for he does not disguise his belief that each stream of life has much to gain by a breaking down of conventional barriers. A live book, with depth and earnestness in it under the bright readableness of its picturesque surface.

Conditions in Canada

THE latest reliable information on every phase of industrial and agricultural development in Canada is furnished by the Canadian Pacific Railway, through its Bureau of Canadian Information.

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THE JUNE NUMBER OF

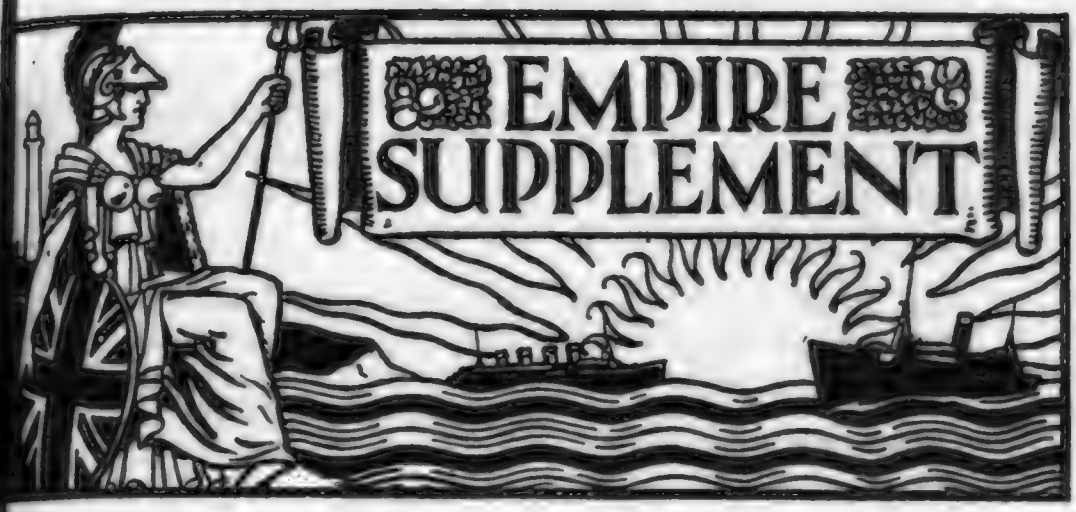
THE ENGLISH REVIEW

WILL CONTAIN A COMPREHENSIVE AND ILLUMINATING ARTICLE ON

THE DOMINIONS AND FOREIGN AFFAIRS

BY

CLEMENT JONES, C.B.



Empire Notes

Canada

THE Canadian Government has just invited the Imperial Government to send a delegation for the purpose of obtaining first-hand information in regard to the conditions of child immigrants in that country. The delegation is to make searching enquiry into the nature of the homes to which these children are sent, and the prospects of the young people themselves, and to that end the Department of Immigration and Colonisation is to give the visitors every facility. The juvenile immigration movement dates back more than 50 years, during which period nearly 78,000 children have been sent out and placed on Canadian farms under conditions very similar to those which obtain to-day. The majority are settled in the Eastern Provinces, such as Ontario and Quebec, where population is more centralised than in the West, and where conditions approximate very closely to those in England. There have, it is true, lately been criticisms of this movement, but complaints, either in Canada or here, of children being ill-treated or brought up under conditions inimical to their welfare have been few and far between. The boys and girls reach Canada under the auspices of one or other of the great immigration societies, such as Dr. Barnardo's, the Church of England

Child Settlers

Waifs' and Strays' Society, the Catholic Emigration Society, and a number of others. They are sent first to central receiving homes in the Dominion, whence they are distributed among farmers within a convenient radius, so as to facilitate periodical inspection.

System of Inspection

THE farmers to whom the boys are allotted are selected from a large number. Not only are credentials required from public men as to the fitness of the farmers to receive children, but also detailed undertakings are required that the moral and physical well-being of the children shall be safeguarded. Each receiving home is required to inspect the children in their new homes at frequent intervals, in addition to which all such British children as are sent out under the Poor Law are further inspected by the Dominion Government, which maintains an experienced staff for the purpose. How successful is this movement may be judged from the figures appearing in the official report for 1922-23, published by the Dominion Government. Therein it is stated that of 2,557 homes inspected, 2,408 were found by actual experience to be "very good," 137 were classified as "good," and only 12 were "unsatisfactory." From the latter the children were promptly removed. Almost every boy and girl emigrating under these conditions has made good. Some of them now occupy important and responsible posts in the Dominion, and large numbers are prosperous farmers.

Western Grain Route

THE rapid development of Vancouver as a grain port is a matter of considerable importance to British industry. Since large quantities of Alberta wheat are now coming to Europe via the Panama Canal instead of passing out by way of the Great Lakes and Atlantic ports it follows that there is plenty of cargo space available at low rates for the carriage of manufactured goods from the Old World to Pacific Coast ports. Owing to the high railway rates on goods sent from the industrial areas of Eastern Canada to British Columbia, Eastern Canadian manufacturers are finding that British and European exporters, aided by the exchange position as well as by low ocean freights, are

capturing a large share of the trade of Vancouver and its hinterland. In an endeavour to counter the advantages enjoyed by European exporters over Canadian manufacturers the Canadian Government Merchant Marine has instituted a new service of steamers between the Atlantic and Pacific Coasts of the Dominion, but as it will be impossible to maintain frequent sailings, it is doubtful whether this will achieve substantial results. Indeed, the continued expansion of the Western outlet for prairie grain seems likely to have an increasingly stimulating effect on the demand for British goods in British Columbia and Alberta, and should lead to the establishment of close business relations between Britain and the Canadian Far West.

White Coal

COMPLETION of new Canadian hydro-electric works and additions to existing plant this year will add 900,000 horse-power to the present total of 3,228,000 already installed. This is expected to give a considerable fillip to industrial development. In British Columbia it will be harnessed to the mining and pulp industries, in Manitoba to agriculture, and in Ontario to gold-mining and other enterprises. The effect in Quebec will be seen in the great centres of pulp and paper making, whilst further East the new works are required for public utilities.

Australia

White Grown Sugar

IT is estimated that 1,952,822 tons of sugar cane will be cut in Queensland this season, yielding approximately 260,000 tons of raw sugar. Based on these estimates the value of the 1924 crop works out at £7,020,000. Additional to the Queensland crop, it is estimated that the yields in New South Wales (cane) and Victoria (beet) will be 18,000 tons and 2,800 tons respectively. Therefore, the output of raw sugar for the 1924 season in Australia should be well over 280,000 tons. All sugar cane and sugar beet produced in Australia is grown by white labour. Lord Leverhulme, during a recent visit to Sydney, stated in a public address that American growers in the Philippines were producing 10 tons of sugar per acre, whereas

Australians were only producing at the rate of 1½ tons per acre. This statement having provoked widespread comment, the secretary of the Australian Sugar Producers' Association published a rejoinder, in which he quoted official statistics to show that the average production in the Philippines is well under 2 tons to the acre, and that the Queensland average for the past ten years has been just 2 tons. Though the planting of improved canes and the use of fertilisers are factors tending to produce higher yields in Australia, part of the increase must be credited to the very thorough cultural methods adopted by white labour. It is claimed that, if all the circumstances be taken into consideration, the Australian sugar industry under white labour conditions is now as efficient as any other cane-sugar producing country in the world. At the same time, the Australian sugar industry does not seem able to exist without very extensive protection. Java and Hawaii lead the world in production of sugar per acre, but enormous capital is involved in their methods, whilst the operations are confined to mass production by large companies. In Australia sugar production is based on the crops grown by individual white farmers and all cane cutting is done by white labour.

Dairying and Settlement

In Australia, no industry excels dairying as a factor in progressive land settlement. This point was emphasised by the Commonwealth Treasurer, Dr. Earle Page, who, in a recent speech, cited the Gympie district in Queensland as a typical example. Fifteen years ago Gympie was a worked-out mining area, from which houses were being carted away. "Now," said Dr. Page, "the surrounding districts have been opened up. Twelve hundred producers are supplying milk to the factory which the owners contemplate making the most up-to-date in Australia, at a cost of £60,000. The town itself has more people in it than when Gympie was the biggest gold-producing town in Australia. Business is solid. Houses are being built there instead of being removed, and the shopkeepers are amongst the most prosperous in Australia. This illustrates the truth of the maxim that we are very apt to forget in this country—where the big capital cities overshadow

and dwarf into insignificance all the other parts of the State—that the wealth of this country lies in the soil."

Gold Pioneers Honoured

At Ophir, near Orange, New South Wales, an obelisk has been unveiled to commemorate the first discovery of gold in Australia. The obelisk bears the names of Edward Hammond Hargreaves, John Hardman Lister, James Tom, and William Tom. No event has had such an important influence on the progress of Australia as the discovery of payable gold of which the Commonwealth has produced more than £600,000,000 worth since 1850. Gold has been found in many parts of the great island continent, but the chief gold producing States have been Victoria (£300,000,000), Western Australia (£150,000,000), Queensland (£80,000,000), and New South Wales £63,000,000). The greatest yield for the Commonwealth for any one year was valued at £16,302,900 in 1903, of which Western Australia contributed £8,770,719. The highest yield for any single State in one year was £12,214,979, produced by Victoria in 1856. The output of gold mined in Australia during the year 1923 totalled 709,491 fine oz. Of this total the State of Western Australia contributed 504,511 oz.

Sugar Cane for Wembley

About 300 sticks of sugar-cane left Brisbane on the *Hobson's Bay* for the British Empire Exhibition. Elaborate precautions were taken to ensure that the cane should arrive in good condition. The consignment is drawn from the Nambour and Babinda districts. In addition, about 200 sticks of cane are being sent for use in a display exhibit showing the manufacture of sugar from the growth of the cane to the finished product.

Sheep Runs in Demand

A keen demand exists for sheep and cattle properties throughout Western Queensland. Even land in the remote parts and far away from railway lines is being sought. Country which for many years has been used for cattle runs is now being prepared for sheep. The purchase of the Boorara and Kilcowra stations in the Hungerford district,

consisting of 1,000 square miles, by Mr. Edmund Jowett, has encouraged the residents around Thargomindah.

North Coast Railway

Good progress is being made with the North Coast Railway and Innisfail will be linked with Brisbane in a few months time. The only remaining short section to be constructed is between Innisfail and Eubanamgee, and Cairns will then be in direct railway communication with Brisbane, a distance of 1,080 miles, and with Perth (Western Australia) 4,498 miles.

Sugar Research

The Queensland Government has decided to provide three travelling scholarships each of the value of £300 and tenable for four years to further scientific research work for the sugar industry.

According to the estimate prepared by the Registrar-General the sugar crop for the season of 1923 amounted to 262,975 tons of sugar. There were 1,983,463 tons of cane crushed from 144,317 acres. Out of this quantity the Cairns, Douglas, Innisfail, and Ingham districts yielded 1,120,000 tons of cane and 154,076 tons of sugar.

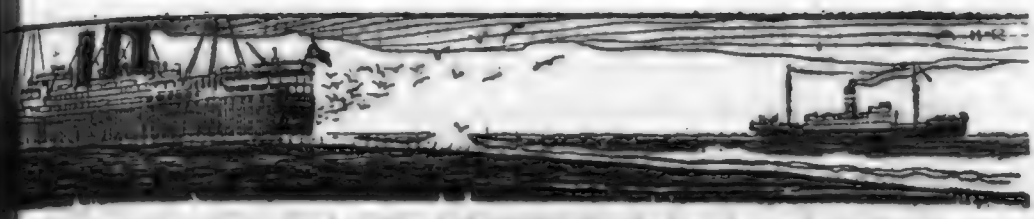
Building in Brisbane

Some idea of the great building activity that is going on in the city of Brisbane is given by the City Council's books, which show that at the present time new construction works and improvements to existing premises, costing the sum of £413,975, are actually in hand. While 1923 was in many ways a record year, there is every prospect, now that bountiful rains have come, that 1924 will see many more buildings which are now mainly projected take form and substance.

East Africa

Future of East Africa

The debate on East African administration and development in the House of Commons on April 8 reached a much higher level than is characteristic of the present House. Most of the speeches were interesting and illuminating, those of Sir Sydney Henn, the chairman of the Joint East Africa Board, who initiated the debate, and Mr. Ormsby Gore



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being particularly well informed surveys of the problems presented by this great block of undeveloped British territory. Sir Arthur Steele Maitland, Mr. J. Harris, Lord Stanley, Mr. Amery and Mr. Royce also made useful contributions to the discussion. Mr. Thomas, the Colonial Secretary, plainly showed his sympathetic interest in the subject, and his acceptance of Sir Sydney Henn's motion for the appointment of a special commission to visit East Africa this year "to report on the practicability of co-ordinating policy and services throughout our East African territories and to advise on the programme of future economic development, especially cotton-growing and railway construction," has given much satisfaction in East African circles in London. Great prominence was given in the debate to cotton-growing possibilities in this part of the world, and rightly so, for there is no doubt that the chief

hope of rendering ourselves independent of American cotton lies in intensive development of East Africa. Nor is cotton the only crop that can be produced on a large scale in this area. Sugar and tobacco are other products for which we depend to-day far too much on American sources of supply. In a comparatively short period, given the adoption of a vigorous development policy and the provision of adequate capital, we could probably reduce our annual payments to the United States for these three products by at least £50,000,000, and this would have a tremendous effect in lightening the burden of repayment of our debt to the United States. There are also immense possibilities in East Africa in the extension of sisal cultivation, which would enable us to dispense with Mexican supplies of this variety of hemp.

An Unsound Proposal

One suggestion made during the East African debate by Sir Robert Hamilton, and supported to some extent by Captain Berkeley, was that the creation of a separate administrative area for the Kenya highlands should be considered. This, however, seems to be a thoroughly undesirable and mischievous proposal. Co-ordination and simplification of administrative machinery rather than the creation of additional complexity is what is needed in East Africa. It is easy to imagine the friction that would arise if the white enclave in the highlands that would be formed if this scheme were adopted had its port and railway outlet controlled by another administration of a totally different type. Moreover, it should be clear to all but "Little Englanders" that the elevated areas of East and Central Africa—the Kenya, Kilimanjaro and Shiré highlands and the North Charterland and Batoka plateaux—are the citadels of British power in this area and cannot be detached from the territories by which they are surrounded. Rather should we encourage settlement in these areas as rapidly as possible in order to provide nuclei of civilisation which will gradually leaven the dark mass of 12,000,000 backward human beings who inhabit British East and Central Africa, bringing them in time to a degree of moral and material progress that they will never attain without the stimulus of close contact with a more advanced race.

* * * * * *

EMPIRE NOTES

Politics Oversea

THE present political instability in the self-governing portions of the Empire, to which reference was made in these notes in the March number of THE ENGLISH REVIEW, has been rendered still more apparent by recent events. Two Australian States —Western Australia and South Australia—have been captured by Labour, so that four out of the six States of the Commonwealth are now controlled by their Labour Parties. Undoubtedly the change is in part a repercussion of the advent of a Labour Government in Britain. In Australian Federal politics the rift between the Nationalists and the Country Party is still widening, and Mr. Bruce will have to walk in the footsteps of Agag if he is to maintain some semblance of unity in the Coalition ranks. The loss of the Wakkerstroom (Transvaal) seat by the strongest Government candidate that could be found immediately provoked General Smuts to ask for a dissolution, and the fact that a general election will take place in mid-June has necessitated postponement of the tour of the Union and Rhodesia by the Prince of Wales, who was to have sailed for Cape Town on May 2. It was doubtless a wise decision to defer the Royal visit, but it has caused much disappointment throughout the Union, which had been making elaborate plans for entertaining the heir to the Throne. The coming general election will be of supreme importance not only to South Africa but to the Empire as a whole. The chances of the Government securing a new lease of life are not over bright, and unless a widespread reaction against the prospect of a Nationalist (or Nationalist-Labour) administration sets in before polling day the Union may find itself saddled with a secessionist government which will be in a position to do untold damage to the credit and prosperity of the country. It is folly to blink the fact that wherever we look disruptive influences with great powers for evil are in operation, and that never was there greater need for combination on the part of all who stand for Imperial unity and resistance to the forces of disorder which are so actively at work to-day throughout the world.

Three Parties

Australia's Experience

By Frank Fox*

At the dawn of this century, the Australian Commonwealth having been formed by the union of the six Australian States, Sir Edmund Barton, who since the death of Sir Henry Parkes had been the leader of the movement for Federation and was President of the Convention which framed the Federal Constitution, formed what was designed to be a non-party Ministry of all the talents, which included every State Premier except one. At the General Election to elect the first Parliament which followed, Sir Edmund Barton appealed to the voters to give an effective majority to his Cabinet so that it might set up the machinery to implement the Federal Constitution. His candidates were, however, attacked from two quarters. Mr. George Reid (afterwards Sir George Reid), who had been the leader of the N.S.W. opposition to Federation, appealed to the electors on a Free Trade policy. The Labour Party—which was very strong in some of the State Parliaments—appealed on a Labour platform. In the result, no party obtained a clear majority. The Government and the Opposition were almost equal in strength. The Labour Party, led by Mr. J. C. Watson with 16 members in a House of 75, held "the balance of power." The history of the development of the King's Government in Australia under these conditions is worthy of study in Great Britain to-day, when the Mother of Parliaments faces an analogous Three Party situation. The Australian population is 98 per cent. British by descent. The Australian political system is closely modelled on that of Great Britain. Consequently the political history of Australia from 1900 to 1923 can be trusted to give some

* The writer was in close touch with the first three Australian Prime Ministers, Sir Edmund Barton, Mr. Deakin, and Mr. J. C. Watson, during the period which is covered by this article.

clue to the future development of British political events. But one factor in the problem needs some explanation. The Australian Labour Party as it was in 1900 was not Socialist in any Marxian sense of the word, certainly not revolutionary Socialist. It was, almost without exception, strongly Protectionist and definitely national (*i.e.*, Imperial) in sentiment. It had as leader Mr. J. C. Watson, a man of singular strength and sincerity of character. He solved the Three Party situation in the first Australian Parliament very simply. It was obviously in the nation's interests that the Barton Ministry should be allowed to continue in office. Mr. Watson gave it a general and, on the whole, generous support. The first Parliament was not without rancorous party debates, the Free Trade Opposition making many attempts to find an issue on which it could detach the Labour Party from its support of the Government. Sir Edmund Barton was deeply disappointed at this "scuffling on the steps of the temple" —to use his own phrase—but the King's Government was carried on; the measures necessary to put the Federation on its feet were passed.

The fair promise of that first Three Party Australian Parliament was kept to some extent during the next. Sir Edmund Barton had retired from politics and Mr. Deakin was leader of the National Party and Prime Minister. The Labour Party had increased its strength from 16 to 23 members and was thus almost a full third of the House of 75. The Free Trade Party was still determined to destroy the National Government. An "issue" was found in a clause of an Industrial Arbitration Bill to combine with the Labour Party to turn out the Government. It is probable that few of the Free Trade Party who voted with the Labour Party shared the Labour Party's faith in the clause: the vote was a party one and Mr. Reid as leader of the Opposition expected to be "sent for." The Governor-General instead sent for Mr. Watson (acting on the advice of Mr. Deakin), and the first Labour Government of Australia came into office with the support of Mr. Deakin, the National leader.

Mr. Deakin wished to end the Three Party situation there and then by a Coalition between the National Party and the Labour Party, which had most things in common.

For his part, the Labour leader, Mr. J. C. Watson, recognised that that would be the best outcome. There can be no objection at this date to publishing extracts from two letters from Mr. Deakin to me about this date. The first is dated May 26th, 1904:—

> Yours of nine days ago has waited unanswered owing to the whirlpool in which I have been politically living, but it was too sympathetic and reasonable to leave without reply. I have not yet got any official offer [*i.e.*, of a Coalition] whatever. I do expect it this afternoon, but nine days lost means a great deal in such matters. We have drifted a long way in the interval, and it has been away from the [Coalition] possibilities. . . . The Labour Party will need a spell in Opposition before they realise their responsibilities to the country as a whole. Not a fraction of the electors are in their enrolled ranks, a great majority of the voters are favourable to their programme so far as it is *real—i.e.*, practicable and profitable—but they will act as if the tiny enrolled groups were all, and the rest were outcasts—as if the "birdlime" were all and the needs of the day nothing; hence this result.

A later letter from Mr. Deakin, answering some criticism, explains the situation more clearly:—

> We stood without an alliance with Watson in 1903 only because *his party would not give it.* When I went out in 1904 I offered him the whole support of our party if he would join in a Coalition Cabinet of equal numbers (including myself). *The caucus discussed that, and refused by resolution.* I advised that Watson be sent for, and then again offered support if he would lay down a definite programme for the Parliament. This he could, and doubtless would, have done had not *the caucus forbade.* Watson was not responsible for these foolish blunders, but *the caucus was.*

The tragedy of the position was that the Labour Party, though it had a great leader who was trusted by the general community, would not trust him.

In August the Watson Ministry fell as the result of a temporary combination between Mr. Deakin and Mr. Reid. In the ensuing Ministry Mr. Deakin did not take office; he already regretted the vote he had given to turn Mr. Watson out and cherished again the hope of an effective coalition between his party and the Labour Party. This Reid Government went into recess, and meeting Parliament again had a very short life. In July, 1905, Mr. Deakin came back to office supported by Mr. Watson, but without any definite coalition. Mr. Watson had now come to the conclusion that he could not control the extremists of his own party, and he had determined on the Quixotic solution of retiring altogether from public life, though the patriotic service he had rendered during the

first Parliament in placing the nation before party had enlisted for him a great body of supporters all over the Commonwealth. But he remained for a time in Parliament and in the Labour Party leadership because he was strongly convinced that a measure of tariff reform was necessary. The first Federal tariff had had to make concessions to Free Trade sentiment. The second tariff was completely protectionist, and introduced "preference" to British imports.

At the 1907 elections the Labour Party increased its strength. Mr. Watson had retired. Mr. Andrew Fisher followed him as leader of the Labour Party. His ideas went far more to the "Left" than those of Mr. Watson, and there was no longer the possibility of a Labour-National Coalition. Soon after Parliament met, the Deakin Ministry fell and Mr. Fisher became Prime Minister for a brief period. His Cabinet fell to a Coalition between Mr. Deakin's party and the Free Trade Party (now led by Sir Joseph Cook, as Sir George Reid had retired to become High Commissioner in London).

This was the second Coalition between the National and Free Trade Parties and was more stable in character than the first, for the Labour Party had now developed a more pronouncedly Socialist policy, though it had not moved to the Left nearly as far as the British Labour Party has done. At the General Election in 1910 the Labour Party won an absolute majority, and in the fourth Federal Parliament there was for the first time a Two Party situation. The Labour Party tried to use its power to make material advances towards a Socialist policy, but constitutional difficulties stood in the way. (The Australian Constitution contains many strong Conservative safeguards.) It sought to amend the Constitution, but failed to secure a majority of voters at the necessary referendum. (Though the voters had returned a Labour Party majority, they rejected the Labour Party Socialist policy.) Mr. Fisher held office throughout the life of this Parliament.

At the General Election for the fifth Parliament (1913) Mr. Deakin had retired from the leadership of the now combined National and Free Trade Parties, and Sir Joseph Cook had taken his place. The Elections went against the Labour Party, but Sir Joseph Cook

had not a working majority. This Parliament was dissolved in 1914. In the sixth Parliament the Labour Party held office by a narrow majority. Mr. Fisher gave up the Premiership, accepting the office of High Commissioner in London, and Mr. Hughes, then a member of the Labour Party, succeeded him. He had trouble with the extremist elements of the Labour Party, and after the 1917 elections left that party and formed a National Government. That Government, in so far as it represented a combination of forces against the Labour Party, has held office since. At the last General Election it changed its character somewhat through the intrusion of a more Conservative element ("the Country Party"), and Mr. Bruce became Prime Minister.

The deductions from Australian experience I take to be these:—

1. That a Parliament among British people feels the Two Party system to be the natural one and tends to revert to it.

2. That there is no reason why a minority party in Parliament should not satisfactorily carry on the King's Government if there can be found another section of the House to help it. Sir Edmund Barton and Mr. Deakin both carried on under these conditions.

3. That a Coalition is suspect and unpopular if the motive of its union seems to be party advantage, but when the motive is clearly the national welfare that suspicion and unpopularity disappear. The first Deakin-Reid Coalition died almost still-born; the second was scouted by the electors; the third, when the Labour Party had alienated the sympathy of the nation, was recognised as necessary and has held power since, with some modifications.

4. That a Labour Party—being avowedly a class party and not a national party—is inherently unstable. It may with a patriotic leader do good work; but the tenure of authority of such a leader is likely to be brief. He is pushed out by the extremists. In the Australian Labour Party's history there have been three men of commanding ability, Sir Joseph Cook; first leader of the New South Wales Labour Party: Mr. J. C. Watson; and Mr. W. M. Hughes. All three found it impossible to remain with the Labour Party and yet to be patriotic statesmen.

A New Zealander in Oxford

By W. D'A. Cresswell

At sea between Liverpool and
Lisbon, *October*, 1923.

DEAR C——,

You may understand that I thought of you the evening we saw Oxford from the hills, and could think of none other with whom I should so like to visit it. I was quite entranced. Somehow my mind kept saying, "Camelot!" J—— took out his camera and manœuvred and clicked it, a sure sign of emotion with him. We drank beer at an inn near Carfax, and my fatigue was shot with sweet emotions as we searched for a bed.

For three days I was wild with remorse. I felt I must enter Oxford at all costs. Those lawns and towers and quiet little rivers are the right place for a poet, I was thinking; though the somewhat ostentatious display of punts and cushions and boredom wouldn't help. How did you get on about these? Well enough, I suppose. There is a widening difference between you and me. I refer to something deeper than a mere matter of apparel. It lies somewhere just here. I can see you drifting down with a gramophone and being very brilliant in the shady places. My dear C——, when I re-read that last sentence I see it is staggeringly true of you—quite a flash of insight, in fact. I know exactly how it will delight you.

I feel it is only now, when I have seen Oxford, that I can pretend to know England. Oxford is the full flower of a system which is soon to suffer, if not a "sea change," then one of frost and decay and new budding. You speak of that handsome system as full and falling, not only because progress is a platitude, but because in the buildings, in the men, in the atmosphere of Oxford you seem aware of a beautiful blossom full blown in centuries that are but a summer's afternoon. And what hesitation in nature, you wonder, could preserve it for the morning?

Am I too rhetorical here? It is the sea, and the sunlight, and the empty sky, the gold air and the gesturing little waves, inviting you to fill the world with words. Right in the prow of the *Demerara* we are, lounging and smoking, only her rails and a point of decking between us and Spain. She carries an unceasing surf against her bows. Its music is a monotony annihilating all the strain and fret, all the tiring variety of the life behind. The complete escape from life is not in literature, but at sea. And this exquisite cessation, like sleep, is deepened by the life we lead here, the meals that are brought to us, the bells that toll the hours we are not aware of. Only your visions remain with you.

All round us the horizon is not clear, but blurred, a "hesitation in nature," a reminder of stillness and fog and twilight, as though England lay behind it all in a circle and not only at one point, north of us.

There was a time when Oxford must have meant the world—Oxford, Florence, and a few such, at the end of the fifteenth century. Then the men from these places were really writing the books of their age. Now you feel that Oxford, in a serious sense, is aloof, apart, not a characteristic but a survival, though, of course, its frivolous side is dashingly up to date. How many of the big men in literature are connected with Oxford or Cambridge nowadays? Of course, you will retort that Flecker is a bigger man than Wells. I reply that the position of the journalist of genius in literature is uncertain because it is unprecedented. Choose one of several other big things and ask how Oxford is concerned with it—South America, a decadent Latin renaissance, the mud cathedrals of Lima and Panama, the Cross decaying in the steamy incubation of the tropics, in the very *locale* of Materialism, the New World. All this is too remote from England, too obscure, and naturally Oxford is little interested. I mean one cannot say "Oxford and South America" as one could once have said "Oxford and Italy," or "Oxford and the Reformation," and imply any such intellectual *liaison* at all. Yet America, North and South, Australia, South Africa, these involve the biggest movement of our age. If to-day one says "Oxford and Japan," it sounds exactly, to me, as though one had said "Oxford and Abyssinia"

in 1600. But in 1600 Abyssinia meant little, while to-day the meaning of Japan is tremendous and increasing, if obscure.

You see what I feel about Oxford, but cannot more easily describe, that it is utterly bewitching and beautiful but aloof, everywhere the languor of full flower and the hush of autumn; the contrived autumn of a conservatory, amid an exhilarating spring of effort and enthusiasm and new growth.

When you see the young men of Oxford in their pale flannels you are reminded of those lines from *The Immortal Hour*:—

> **How beautiful they are, the Lordly Ones,**
> **That dwell in the hills, in the hollow hills.**

But soon, unless you are an outfitter or a pastrycook, their grandeur becomes oppressive. Soon you suspect that the magnificence and charm of most of them is a condition, not a gift—I mean a condition of boyishness rather than a gift of character. And though boyishness is irresistible and delightful, yet it may imply, as I begin to see, deceptions that are disgusting and indeed terrible. Truly it is only the middle-aged who can answer the question, "Is life worth while?" Exuberance is not life. Life is both lost and discovered in fearful silences in which you stand listening for a pin to drop or a twig to be snapped, anything that might lessen the mad beating of your own heart. Life is many things. Life is a looking back, a discovery of time (the only reality) which comes to most when they are thirty, to some earlier. This, too, I begin to see, and from looking only forward I turn now to look back upon a route that is beautiful with nothing but weather and sad in all but sunlight, trees, and the sufficient friendship of the sea, and for the first time I see myself and am aware of life. Life, too, is the sowing of your own blood that others may reap. Life, then, is anything but exuberance. Exuberance is the gush of water from a spring that may end in sand. So, facing things myself, I begin to be as doubtful of mere boyishness and exuberance, of anything prematurely triumphant, as I am of anything aloof and academic.

If one were to complain that most of the men at Oxford

look useless, and that only a few faces suggest character and ability, that would be a complaint against very natural differences and not against Oxford. But Oxford is an air, a softness, a seduction in which all are immersed there, the dull as the clever. I had not been in the town for half an hour before I felt it about me. It was in every face, that softness. They seemed the sort of athletic Englishmen who are carried across Africa by niggers, swung in hammocks. At night their hot baths are heated in the jungle, and at daybreak they are awakened with tea and toast. To these, how contentingly protective Oxford must be, how indispensable her ease, her licence, her social status. To the clever, how exquisite and thrilling her associations, her learning, her friendships, arm-in-arm by the river with men whose minds and manners are a delightful discovery. Oxford is indeed the "Immortal Hour." But for men it is an hour of minutes. Life still lies undiscovered in front; though your Anglican system tends to teach a schoolboy that at nineteen he has discovered life, won his colours, read the poets, secured his friends, and now has only to enjoy something which is his. The lassitude which you suspect in him at Oxford may be the natural result of this. There one pictures him, you will know how truthfully, with green lawns and lectures and punts and gramophones, lolling in an "Immortal Hour" which does not exist, looking neither backwards nor forwards with any alertness.

Yours ever,

W. D'A. C.

Canada and Her Pulp-wood Industry

By Herbert Birch

When, in 1534, Jacques Cartier planted the French Standard on the rocks of Gaspé, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, he little dreamed that the primeval forests which covered those vast regions were destined to supply raw paper material for a world's use. The story of its development needs the pen of imagination: it rivals any story in the *Arabian Nights*, or that of *Jack and the Beanstalk*.

From the paper of to-day to the papyri of the ancients is a far cry, but Nature which supplied, from river and marsh, the needs of Eastern civilisation of 2,000 years B.C., is equally able to supply the far greater needs of Western civilisation of 2,000 years A.D. For centuries demand slumbered, and was not wakened into vigorous life until, by a wave of the Parliamentary wand, national education was imposed upon the people of Great Britain, for it is to the English-speaking races that the enormous expansion of this industry is due. In 1900, the proportion of newsprint, periodicals, magazines, etc., printed in the English language was nearly 95 per cent., little more than 5 per cent. sufficing for all the foreign-speaking nations and peoples of the world! Bulwer Lytton makes Richelieu say, "Take away the sword; States can be saved without it; bring the pen!" and that great French Cardinal-Minister, to whose prescience it is due that Canada, for the two centuries of her adolescence, belonged to the French Crown, laid the foundations of her subsequent development. Verily, to-day, the pen rules, and the printing press is a more powerful weapon than the sword, whilst the ammunition of the forest is inexhaustible.

Fifty years ago, wood-pulp was first used commercially in the making of paper. In 1881 there were only five small

paper mills in Canada, with a capital of $90,000; in 1922 there were 104, with a capital of $347,653,000. It was not until 1889 that pulp-wood was mentioned in the Canadian Government Returns, the quantity used that year being, with other sundries, only 5,404 cords of 128 cubic feet each; the following year the quantity was given as 10,749 cords; in 1904 it was 479,238 cords; last year it exceeded 4,000,000 cords. This enormous consumption of pulp-wood—the smaller soft-wood of the fir tree class—is equivalent to the entire growth of 1,000,000 acres of forest land to supply the needs of Canada alone. It is calculated that to supply the printing presses and other mills using wood-pulp throughout the world, upwards of 20,000 acres of pulp-wood have to be cut daily; so that in order to provide a year's supply, some 6,000,000 acres of forest wood is needed—an area equal to that of the nine counties of Kent, Sussex, Hampshire, Surrey, Buckinghamshire, Berkshire, Hertfordshire, Essex, and Middlesex combined. And it increases. In 1890 the world output of paper material was 2,550,000 tons; in 1913 it was 9,750,000 tons; in 1920 it was 14,500,000 tons, and figures so far obtainable indicate a substantial further increase in 1923.

The effect of this huge drain on the natural resources of America, Canada, and the Scandinavian countries is, that the more accessible forest wood has been grievously depleted, and in some areas has disappeared, and it takes a couple of generations to renew it, even under scientific forestry. The extension also of settlement lands permanently reduces forest areas, and demand has now reached a stage when it is tending to exceed supply. Not that there are not enormous areas of untouched forest, but they lie farther distant, or are commercially inaccessible, and transport costs are greatly increased. Prior to the war pulp-wood could be delivered to the Canadian mills at $6 a cord, to-day it costs $15; and this shortage applies to other large consuming countries. The average price of pulp-wood exported from Canada into the United States in 1904 was $4 a cord; by 1914 it had risen to $7 a cord; in 1921 it was $14 a cord, and this year it is even higher. In the United States the shortage of supply is serious, whilst the demand ever increases. Forty years ago, the consumption of paper in the United States was 3 lbs. per

head; to-day, with double the population, it is 150 lbs. per head—an hundred-fold increase! In 1923, the United States imported five times more paper material from Canada than during the corresponding period of 1916.

Hitherto, Canada has contented herself with utilising the forest resources lying most convenient to water and rail transport, but now it has become necessary to open out new areas, and in the Province of Quebec, the principal forest area of the Dominion—690,000 miles in extent—it is estimated that there are some 155,000,000 cords still available. The bulk of these forests lie north of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and extend from Lake St. John at the head of the Saguenay River on the west to the Strait of Belle Isle on the east; a region which has as yet been hardly touched, though the attention of pulp manufacturers is now being directed to it.

From the Saguenay River—a wonderful natural fiord, up which ocean vessels can pass for sixty miles—to the Newfoundland border of South Labrador, a distance of 700 miles, extends Eastern Quebec, the coast line of which is known as the North Shore, a region of great natural resources, and graphically described by a well-known American writer as follows:—"The whole wealth of the North Shore and of the Quebec Labrador consists of mines, forests, fisheries, and iron mines; immense hunting territories, innumerable waterpowers, and forests of white and black spruce, which is the best wood for making pulp. There are over 100 rivers, some of considerable size, and nearly all broken by splendid waterfalls. . . . Although this region is barely known, we are not far distant from the time when industry in all its branches will begin availing itself of all these powers which have lain so long idle and unsuspected. . . . In this portion of Quebec Province, so much nearer Europe, the forest is almost inexhaustible, consisting of white birch, white spruce, aspen, black spruce, poplar, balsam, balm of Gilead, black and yellow birch, banksian pine, and white pine. On the Romaine River there are four falls which are small Niagaras and with all the power needed for manufacturing pulp and paper and for working the iron mines with which this territory is so richly dowered." So, too, writes M. Piché, a Quebec Government forestry

official :—"We find here the best forests of the Province, numerous and beautiful lakes, splendid rivers, well fitted for driving. . . . In the Laurentian forests (which include this region), owing to the magnificent rivers and powerful waterfalls, the great development of the pulp and paper industry has taken place and will continue to increase rapidly." Labrador has been commonly supposed to be similar to Greenland or Iceland, but there could be no greater mistake, for the portion lying between the Laurentian watershed and the North Shore of the Gulf of St. Lawrence—100,000 square miles in extent—is anything but inhospitable. Dr. Wilfred Grenfell, C.M.G., whose knowledge, year in and year out, is unrivalled, testifies :—"The climate of Labrador is not excelled anywhere in the world for its bracing and invigorating effect. . . . There has somehow got abroad an idea that Labrador is continually wrapped in fog. This is an entirely erroneous idea. . . . Labrador could easily carry a large and healthy population, if the artificial conditions were improved."

The North Shore has been interiorly inaccessible, but a railway is projected, and has been surveyed, which will pass through it from west to east and will have an ocean port—a wonderful natural harbour, in the open Atlantic, which will reduce the sea passage to Europe by nearly 1,000 miles, and if the port of Galway were to be made (as is proposed) a deep-water harbour, would reduce the ocean passage to 2½ days and be the shortest and speediest route for passengers and mails to most parts of the Dominion.

No portion of the British Empire, having regard to geographical situation, natural resources, and virility of its people, has a greater future before it than the Province of Quebec. Last century, the natural wealth of the buried forests, the "black diamonds" of England, enabled the Mother Country to lead the industrial activities of Europe; in the twentieth century, the Daughter Dominion, by the natural wealth of her "silent seas of pines," of her "fir trees, dark and high," is destined to become the main source of supply to that huge industry, whose business it is to provide material for literature—that "mental fodder" for which, in all its forms, there is an ever-growing and insatiable demand.

The British Empire and Our Unemployed Workers

By C. Jesson, ex-M.P.
Late London Secretary, Musicians' Union

To none is the problem of Empire development and Empire migration more vital than to the average British worker and his dependents. In England and Wales our population averages over seven hundred for every square mile, as against one hundred and eighty-seven in France, thirty-five in America, and two each in Canada and Australia. One of the results of this density of population is that we are unable to produce sufficient food in this country to feed ourselves, or the necessary raw materials for certain industries upon which millions of our workers depend for employment.

With regard to our food problem, it is admitted we could produce more than we do, which is less than forty per cent. of our requirements, but it is doubtful if, with the most scientific cultivation, we could produce more than fifty per cent. of the amount we consume, and of some indispensable necessities none at all. As to our industries, oil, rubber and cotton are raw materials upon which hundreds of thousands of our workers depend, directly or indirectly, for employment, but these things, as we know, cannot be produced in this country. In consequence of these indisputable economic facts our very existence as a nation depends upon our being able to induce people in other countries to accept our surplus manufactured goods in exchange for the food and raw materials we are unable to produce for ourselves. Obviously, neither a Socialist, Conservative nor Liberal Government can alter this or ignore the conclusion that without our foreign trade at least half our population would have to emigrate, because we could neither feed, clothe nor provide them with employment.

But our industrial difficulties do not end here. Nearly every country in the world now imposes high tariff barriers against all manufactured goods seeking admission into their markets. These tariffs are imposed either for revenue purposes or for the protection and development of their own home industries. In either case they obviously make it more difficult for us to compete. America is a typical example of this difficulty. We owe the U.S.A. Government a large sum of money which we have agreed to pay by annual instalments spread over a number of years. As we are not a gold-producing country we can only pay in goods. But America does not want goods that will compete with similar goods produced by her own people, and imposes exceptionally high tariffs for the purpose of keeping them out. Consequently we have to search the world for things which the Americans will accept, and then induce the producers of those things to accept our goods in payment for them.

Even this is not the end of our economic difficulties. Our population during the past hundred years increased at the average rate of a fraction over one per cent. per annum. If that rate of increase is maintained during the next five years we shall have to find openings in this country for at least two million more people to earn a living *in addition to those at present unemployed*. Is this possible? While it is true that our population increased by fifteen millions during the fifty years preceding the Great War, also that very few of them were unemployed during the trade boom of 1913-14, the question is, can we go on repeating this indefinitely in the face of these growing difficulties? The answer is decidedly in the affirmative, if——

So much for our home problems. What of those of our Dominions? Our Australian cousins, for instance, have an equally difficult one facing them, but the reverse of our own. Overlooking with hungry eyes that vast continent are over one hundred million Asiatics who want room to expand. They see the enormous possibilities for their race in the vast but unpeopled regions of Australia, and know that our kinsmen there want to keep that country a "white man's land." Unless, however, more energetic steps are taken to people its vast solitudes it is possible

they may fail. It is morally certain that that rich country cannot remain for ever so sparsely populated as at present. The next twenty-five years, therefore, may witness the commencement of that great struggle for race supremacy which many eminent thinkers consider inevitable, with Australia as the cockpit, unless——

It should not pass the wit of our statesmen to devise plans for the transference of a part of our surplus population to Australia to help our kinsmen there overcome their difficulties, and by so doing help solve our own. It is true many of our Socialist-Labour leaders denounce all suggestions of emigration as " a dodge of the capitalists to perpetuate the capitalist system." According to these individuals it is a crime to suggest that the unemployed worker here should be advised to go to one of our Dominions, where his presence is urgently needed, because he would have to break up his home and destroy old associations. These same leaders, however, have no hesitation in advising and assisting their unfortunate followers to leave, say, Glasgow, Manchester or London when work can be found for them at Newcastle-on-Tyne, or Leeds, or Bristol, although the breaking of old associations is the same in both cases. When the average British worker has scrapped some of his present leaders, as he undoubtedly will when he understands the impossibility of their Socialistic theories, he will think no more of seeking employment in one of our Dominions or Colonies than he does now of moving from one town to another in search of work. Science in the form of aviation and wireless is helping him in this direction by annihilating space. In the near future the journey from this country to Australia, for instance, will take no longer than the journey from Glasgow to London took one hundred years ago. When that time arrives, the present prosperity of America, with its one hundred per cent. higher standard of living than our own, will be eclipsed by the enormous possibilities for employment which the British Empire offers in the production and distribution of wealth.

During the life of the late Coalition Government a Committee known as the Empire Development Parliamentary Committee considered many schemes for Empire development and migration. Amongst them was one for

taking whole families out to certain Dominions and establishing them in village colonies. The men were to be sent out first to clear the land under expert advisers, for which purpose important labour-saving devices were to be provided. When the crops had been sown and the houses, schools and other buildings erected, the women and children were to be sent out. To meet the cost of this loans at low rates of interest were to be negotiated by the respective Governments, the repayments of which, with interest, were to be made by the emigrants, spread over a period of twenty-five or thirty years.

The present Socialist Government (which, until it can obtain a majority for its own peculiar theories, is confining its activities to carrying out the most popular items of the Conservative and Liberal programmes) is worrying about trading with Russia, while ignoring the exceedingly greater possibilities of developing trade amongst the four hundred million people under the British flag, with the inexhaustible resources for wealth production within the British Empire. Surely the time will come when a real leader of Labour will arise to lead the British workers out of the land of bondage into which the Socialists have led them, into the lands of the British Empire that only await their presence and their labour to produce the wealth they now so sadly need but lack.

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